

The Listener

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A Turkish woman and child in the market of old Ankara (see page 169)

In this number:

The Structure of Soviet Society (E. H. Carr)

Impressions of the Geneva Conference (Rt. Hon. Sir Anthony Eden)

Tovey the Composer (Harold Truscott)

AUGUST

SILLY SEASON

It is highly suspicious that it was in August that the Captain and Crew of HMS *Daedalus* saw a sea-serpent. August is traditionally the month of strange reports in newspapers supposedly put together by second-eleven journalists. The story is that all the responsible newspapermen—editors, assistant editors and so on—are away yachting or shooting grouse, and a shadow staff of credulous and scoop-happy "cubs" are putting out Fleet Street's newspapers. Sea-serpents, lorry-drivers buried under ten tons of eggs, Old Etonian Turks attaining incredible ages, Moscow's claim to have invented whisky, flying saucers . . . We are relaxed in August, even if not actually on holiday. And we become used to travellers' tales from our own friends, too. We receive those occasional postcards with gay foreign stamps (insufficient generally) with the word *Angleterre*, *Inghlittera* or whatever, variously mis-spelt, under our own very English-sounding address. Abroad, with time on their idiot hands, a belief that they can speak the local *patois*, and a determination to make us stay-at-homes envious, our friends write and tell us of local customs and Customs, food and drink, weather and the price of butter and bullfights. Their postcards get no answer from us. In time they answer themselves. But they have been a not unpleasant part of the Silly Season, and, if we go abroad ourselves, we inflict such postcards on others.



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The Listener

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The Structure of Soviet Society

By E. H. CARR

A GOOD deal of attention has been given lately to the question of the structure of Soviet society. In a recent Third Programme broadcast* Professor Seton-Watson attempted to establish an analogy between the present ruling class in Soviet society and the ruling class of Victorian England. It was, he suggested, a 'state bourgeoisie' instead of a 'private bourgeoisie', but still a bourgeoisie—a bourgeois ruling class; and he went on to make comparisons between Soviet and Victorian tastes in architecture and music, to which he attributed a specifically bourgeois character. I may perhaps differ from Professor Seton-Watson less in substance than in terminology. But confused terminology leads to confused thinking; and I want to show here why I find his terminology misleading and suggest some reflections of my own on the structure of Soviet society.

Let us agree, to start with, that every organised society, including Soviet society, throws up a ruling group. Let us also agree that contemporary Russia, like Victorian England, is the product of an industrial revolution. (Incidentally, Great Britain and Russia are the only two great countries which have carried out their industrial revolutions without the aid of foreign capital—a fact which may account for some of the unlovely features which have disfigured both.) I shall refrain from speculating about architecture or music. But it seems to me that it is this common background of industrial revolution which provides the explanation of certain analogies between Victorian literature and current Soviet literature. Both show the same crude moralising tendencies, the same inclination to paint human conduct in sheer black and white, the same simple, unsophisticated eagerness to reward energy with success and to punish sloth with disgrace. Both inculcate the same virtues of industry and application in work and of respectability and restraint in living. These are the virtues which the ruling group in any rising industrial society will want to inculcate in the rank and file of its people—the duty to work as a service to the community, the duty to save, the duty not to squander scarce resources. This is, broadly

speaking, what the Victorians called leading 'a godly, righteous, and sober life'; and these are the ideals which Soviet moralists also infuse into Soviet literature for the edification of the Soviet worker.

These are no doubt what we commonly call bourgeois ideals or bourgeois values. But this merely begs the question. These are the ideals and slogans of the industrial revolution; and, with us, the industrial revolution, following hard on the French revolution, was associated economically with the rise of capitalism and politically with the rise to power of the bourgeoisie or middle class. But in Russia the industrial revolution was associated with a totally different political revolution which inaugurated a totally different economic system. The revolution of 1917 overthrew not only what was left of the old feudal aristocracy, but also the new rising industrial and commercial bourgeoisie; it put into power an entirely fresh group of rulers.

Quarrels about the use of words are generally pointless; and if Professor Seton-Watson wants to affix the bourgeois label to the ruling group of every industrial society and to define the word 'bourgeoisie' in that way, I suppose he is entitled to do so. But to call the Soviet ruling group a bourgeoisie seems to me to have two particular inconveniences. The first objection is that the words 'bourgeois' and 'bourgeoisie' have a specific, and in my view honourable, place in modern history. The bourgeoisie was the ruling class, and provided the leadership and driving power, in that very great period of history which we sometimes call nineteenth-century civilisation. Its twin pillars were the Rights of Man and the Wealth of Nations. It was the great age of the individual. All men were free and equal in the sense that all had equal civil rights. The sole function of the state was to guarantee and protect the enjoyment of those rights. Any organic view of the state, any collective conception of society, was rejected. And the economic order was equally based on the free initiative of the individual in competition with other individuals: 'combination' was in principle something bad. In this economic order, private ownership occupied

a central place; and this was partly because wealth was the reward and tangible evidence of virtue ('what is a man worth?' meant 'how much property does he have?'), and partly because ownership was the essential basis of that private enterprise which made the wheels of industry go round.

Property and Political Rights

Property was for a long time the condition even of political rights: Marx described forms of property as 'the solid basis of the political organisation'. And this was not a specifically Marxist view. To 'have a stake in the country', in the famous Victorian phrase, meant to own property. The last traces of the property-franchise did not disappear in this country till well on in the present century. Individual ownership was the basis of bourgeois civilisation. 'Civil life', says Hauriou in the most famous French nineteenth-century text-book of jurisprudence, 'consists in the right to utilise (*faire valoir*) one's property'. It seems to me that a bourgeoisie which controls neither means of production nor commodities and draws profits neither from production nor from trade is a contradiction in terms. In Soviet Russia we are dealing with a system which, both in theory and practice, rejects every one of the characteristic values for which, historically, the bourgeoisie has stood.

The other objection which I see to this usage is that there was, and to some extent still is, an element in Soviet society which is by common consent properly called bourgeois. When Lenin described the social structure resulting from NEP (the New Economic Policy) he referred to 'the co-operation of two classes—workers and peasants—to which are now admitted on certain conditions the *nepmen*, that is to say, the bourgeoisie'. For Lenin in 1921 the bourgeoisie consisted primarily of the *nepmen*: the next few years saw the rise of another bourgeois group in the country—the well-to-do peasants or *kulaks*. But the point is that these bourgeois elements in Soviet society—the *nepmen* and the *kulaks*—were outside the ruling group, and were in the position of members of society who enjoyed temporary toleration because the regime was not strong enough to do without them. It is true that in the middle nineteen-twenties some of the Bolshevik leaders, notably Bukharin and Rykov, for a time were indulgent to the claims of the *kulaks*. But this so-called right opposition was put out of business in 1929. The introduction of the first five-year plan and the collectivisation of the peasant sealed the issue. If Soviet Russia had been ruled by a bourgeoisie these events would have been inconceivable. The ruling group in Soviet society was decisively and irrevocably anti-bourgeois. There may still be bourgeois elements in Soviet society today—speculators, contact men, and private traders in town and country. But in so far as these bourgeois elements exist, it is notorious that they exist not because the ruling group likes them or wants them but because it is not strong enough to get rid of them. There are enormous inequalities up and down the scale; the ruling group lives better, far better, than the masses. But this is characteristic of any ruling group in any kind of society. It does not entitle the ruling group in the Soviet Union to the bourgeois label.

Composition of the Ruling Group

But let us get away from these questions of terminology and look a little more closely at the composition of this ruling group. I will begin historically. The victors of 1917 thought they were establishing a dictatorship of the proletariat, or, a shade more realistically, a dictatorship of the proletariat and the peasantry. Just as the peasants were encouraged to seize the land, so the workers were encouraged to take over the factories. 'Workers' control' was the slogan of the hour. Workers' control did not work, and without it the dictatorship of the proletariat ceased to be a reality and became a symbol. It was replaced by what? The answer is clear. By the dictatorship of the party—the phrase was used at the time by Lenin and others, though afterwards rejected as heretical—and later by the dictatorship of the party machine. In other words, if we want to identify the ruling group in Soviet society, we have to look not for a class but for a party.

The Marxist class analysis of society was a product of the nineteenth century. Few people are convinced by the famous generalisation with which the Communist Manifesto opens, that all history has been the history of class struggles. Marx took what he correctly diagnosed as the most significant feature of contemporary society in western Europe and sweepingly extended it to other periods, where its application was by no means so clear. Marx never explained what he meant by a class: it probably seemed so obvious a phenomenon of the world in which he lived as not to require definition. But I will take Lenin's

definition: 'Classes are groups of people of such a kind that one group can appropriate the labour of another thanks to the difference of their position in the specific structure of the social economy'.

This takes account of the two cardinal factors in class. Class is primarily based on common economic interest, but it also acquires a quasi-permanent character conferred on it by social tradition or convention. I have never been altogether happy about the application of the class analysis to countries like the United States where, for historical reasons, this quasi-permanent character is weak or non-existent, or to countries like Tsarist Russia where the major divisions of society were not economic, but legal and constitutional; and I feel sure that it is altogether misleading as an explanation of the structure of Soviet society. There is no ruling class in Soviet Russia. There is a ruling group which finds its institutional embodiment in the party.

This is, I think, significant. A class is an economic formation, a party a political formation. I shall not argue that economic factors play a smaller role in the life of society today than in the nineteenth century. But what I would maintain is that the clear-cut line of demarcation between economics and politics which dominated all economic thinking in the nineteenth century, including that of Marx, is out of date. In Soviet Russia, at any rate, economics means politics, and the structure of Soviet society must be analysed in terms not of economic class but of political party.

The Party's Preoccupation with 'Specialists'

As I have said, the dictatorship of the proletariat was replaced by the dictatorship of the party when workers' control collapsed in the factories. And workers' control collapsed because the workers lacked the necessary technical engineering and managerial skills. One of the first tasks of the party, of the ruling group, was to find the technicians and white-collar workers of all grades to put industry back into production; and the attitude to be adopted to these 'specialists', as they were called, was a constant preoccupation of party literature. And when, a few years later, the even more desperate problem was tackled of mechanising agriculture and introducing modern methods of cultivation, the difficulty once more was to provide not only machinery but skilled personnel to use it and organise its use. It was precisely those specialists who, being indispensable to the regime, came to occupy a leading—and sometimes equivocal—position in the ruling group of what was still called a workers' state; and to study the attitude of the party to them is an important part of the analysis of Soviet society.

From the outset the attitude of the party to the specialists was utterly different from its attitude to the *nepmen*. The *nepman*, and a *fortiori* the *kulak*, was *ex hypothesi* an enemy of the regime, pursuing aims incompatible with it, tolerated only so long as he had to be. A loyal *nepman* or a loyal *kulak* was an impossibility; no *nepman* or *kulak* could ever be admitted to the party. The specialist, on the other hand, though by his origins he might be a class enemy, like the *nepman*, was pursuing the aims of the regime whose servant he was. His origins might make him suspect. But he could be, and often was, loyal; and as time went on more and more specialists became party members. Thus, for the specialist, origin was not the determining factor. He might be bourgeois by origin but he was not bourgeois in function. He did not enjoy the economic independence of the *entrepreneur*. On the contrary, he was politically dependent on the government and on the party. If he was successful, success was rewarded not by increased profits but by promotion to a bigger and better job. The soft-pedalling of world revolution, the proclamation of 'socialism in one country', and the policy of industrialisation eased the process of the assimilation of the specialist. By the end of the nineteen-twenties he had become, by and large, a loyal servant of the regime; the avenues of promotion and of party membership were wide open to him.

I do not think that up to this time the specialist had any important influence on decisions of policy. These were still taken by the old party leadership, by the survivors of the pre-revolutionary party intelligentsia. But in the nineteen-thirties, when a new generation grew up which had never known pre-revolutionary Russia, and when sons of workers had clambered up the educational ladder to the top, the distinctions began to fade. The taint of bourgeois origin was no longer acutely felt; and the whole group of white collar workers—party officials, government officials, managers, technicians, teachers, doctors, lawyers, and intellectuals of all kinds—began gradually to coalesce. Official pronouncements began to extol the member of this new intelligentsia; the Stalin constitution enfranchised him irrespective of his origin; the party

(continued on page 185)

Journey to the Barley River

STANLEY HYLAND on the old and the new Turkey

THERE'S a tiger in those mountains': some children, young boys and girls, told me this in Denizli, south-east of İzmir, in the western mountains of the Taurus range of Turkey. And they pointed to the snow-covered ridge behind their town, shining brilliantly in the spring sunshine. 'There's a tiger in that mountain'; and they said it with a quiet sort of pride; just as a boy in the Yorkshire dales might say he had seen an otter on the banks of the Wharfe. 'But that way', they said, pointing eastward, 'that way is Pamukkale, the Cotton Fortress, you should go there'.

Solemnly and carefully they had sung a song for me, in English; 'Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner': and I could not sing it with them because I did not know, and do not know, the words. Maybe that is because I am *not* a Londoner. So I fell back on the Yorkshireman's first line of offence and sang the first verse of 'Ilkla moor baht 'at'. That led to a short discussion between us on the different kinds of Englishmen and Scotsmen and Welshmen. The children of Denizli listened courteously to me and told me there were different kinds of Turks too, all as firmly Turkish as Scotsmen and Yorkshiremen and Cornishmen are British; Turks from Istanbul, Turks from the plain of Thrace, from the green country round Bursa and the Aegean coast, from the Mediterranean coast and from the wide plain of Anatolia far out to the east, from Erzurum, Erzurum, Hasankale, and Kars, the towns and cities on the eastern plain, where Turkey and Russia meet.

That was where I was making for. On my way out there, I took the children's advice: I went first to Pamukkale, the Cotton Fortress, fifteen miles away, turning off the main road from Denizli at the shining new petrol-station just a little along the road past the new block of small, neat, colour-washed houses built for workers in the new factory at Denizli. The highroad, a superb, white, smooth, motor road, went on, dropping down into the valley of the Meandering River, the Great Meander itself. We left the road and stayed on the hillside, on a curling track past villages of low mud walls, the houses widely separated by hard-baked and worn earth; past nomad groups of men, women, and children with young, unbroken horses which reared as our car reached them, the women making only a shy concession to emancipation, twitching a corner of their bright shawls across their mouths, catching the end of it in their teeth, and then letting it fall again almost as we passed them. Their fingers never stopped moving, clasped in front of them as though telling Islamic beads, but they were only spinning cotton in their fingers.

Cotton fortress, Pamukkale, is beneath, and separated from, the ancient town of Hierapolis which the Romans built a century or so before Christ. The ancient Roman town is still there in very grand and noble ruins. The facings of marble have gone from the buildings, leaving a warm red stone, weathered by the winds that blow from the Taurus range a day's ride away to the south and to the east. When I was there the dark red of the stone was softened to brown in contrast with the thick, broad splashes of scarlet anemones among the ruins. The sky was clear blue, and in the distance the mountains around Denizli shone clearly, white with snow.

In the middle of the ruined town of Hierapolis steam was rising from a hot spring of clear water, a pool about

twenty yards across. Nurhan Bey and Yilmaz Bey and I stripped and we swam for an hour in the hot water of the spring; and we sat on fluted marble columns that had tumbled or had been rolled into the pool of steaming water. As we sat there, with only our heads out of the water, the only sounds we could hear were the hissing of the tiny bubbles of gas that broke on the surface of the water, and larks singing above in the hills, and the voices of a group of half a dozen nomad



Roman ruins at Hierapolis, above Pamukkale, west Turkey

riders who were singing as their horses cantered across the plain of Hierapolis. And on all sides of us, shining in the distance, were mountains blue and white with snow.

After we had bathed in the hot spring almost to a state of comfortable stupidity, we climbed to the top of the steep hill behind Hierapolis (before long we were walking on small patches of crackling snow), we went there to look down on the ledge—a ledge nearly two miles long and a quarter of a mile wide—on which Hierapolis was built; and looking down on the country over which Xerxes and Alexander the

Great had marched their armies. We were looking down on the ruins of the baths the Romans had built in Hierapolis, the forum, the temple, and the theatre, a superb theatre a hundred yards wide at its base. Below us stretched the ruins; then beyond and below them, in the valley, stood the modern Turkish village of Pamukkale.

Pamukkale and Hierapolis are separated from each other by time as well as by space. But, much more than that, they are divided from each other by the most remarkable natural phenomenon I have ever seen, a petrified waterfall of lime, as hard as stone, which falls from the tip of the plain on which Hierapolis stands, falls in curiously symmetrical and fluted and



The petrified waterfall of lime at Pamukkale

tapering columns of white and opalescent crystal, to the plain, 300 feet beneath, where Pamukkale huddles against the cliff. The water runs down in milky channels to irrigate the fields of Pamukkale. It was the hot spring which caused the Romans to build their settlement on the plain; it is still the hot spring which holds the villagers up against the rock face of the mountainside rising from the plain of the Meander.

As we stood on the high ridge looking down on the ruins of Hierapolis, a small party of six or seven men and young boys reached the hot pool from the steep path out of the valley. They were strangers to the Aegean country who had walked close on eight hundred miles to bathe in the thermal spring. They had come from the high eastern plain of Anatolia and they told us about their land and about the mountains in the east; Mount Ararat towering up on one side of the line which divides Turkey from Russia, and Alagöz, the 'mountain with the slate-blue eye', out of reach of the Turks, just over the border in Soviet Armenia, lording it over the Barley River, *Arpa Çayı*, the narrow stream which divides Turkey from the Soviet Union.

We told the leader of that small party of pilgrims in Pamukkale that we were going eastwards to his country. He was an old man with long black hair and a splendid curled beard, and with enormous natural dignity and courtesy. He sat in the hot water at Pamukkale, on the same fallen marble column in the pool, and steam rose from the water around his shoulders. 'You'll find my country different from this', he told us quietly. 'It's bigger'. It was not easy to know what he meant by that, there in Pamukkale with mountains stretching away into space and the wide valley of the Meander opening up below us. But later, when we reached Erzurum and Kars and the border country, and saw the Caucasus Mountains stretching away to the east, I realised what he meant. Eastern Turkey is bigger; as he said it was.

We had gone the long way round from Ankara. Our journey had taken us in a wide sweep of 2,000 miles, up north to the Black Sea, to Zonguldak, the coal-mining port, a place as dirty as Doncaster; but with suburbs on the high cliffs overlooking the Black Sea, suburbs as lovely as Robin Hood's Bay looking down on the North Sea above Flamborough, Zonguldak is a place of two absolute extremes. Then we had passed through the great cities of the west, through Istanbul and Bursa and Izmir, before turning inland and eastwards towards Erzurum and Kars. We had begun our journey through the fruitful and populous western region of Turkey, where villages almost crowd on each other and where towns are spreading out with a bursting industrial energy.

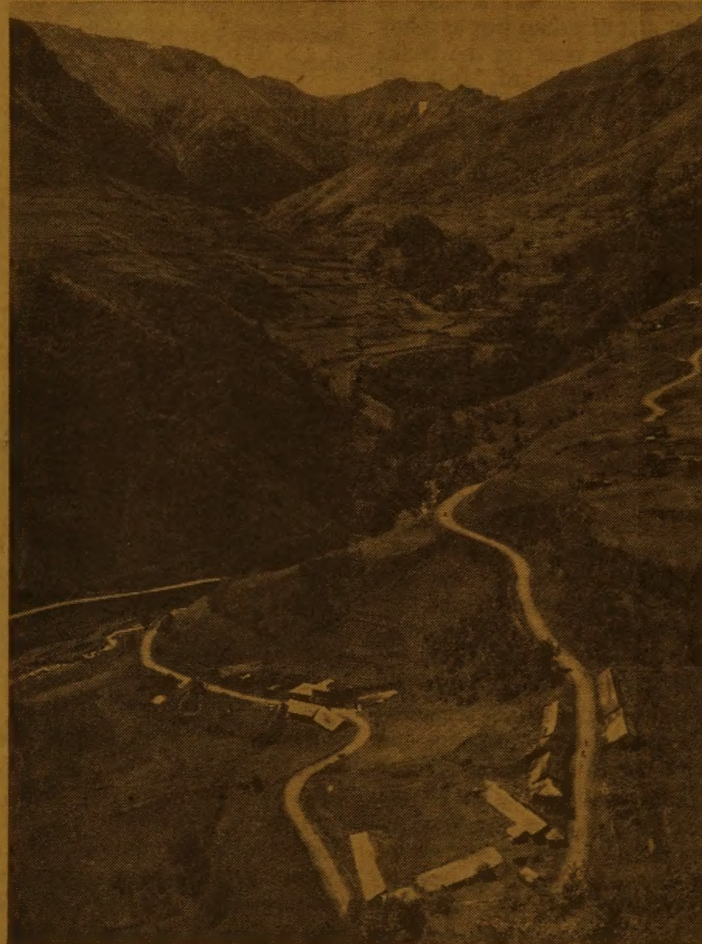
New houses are being built and really superb new roads, and the countryside is beginning to look urban and, by contrast with the east, beginning to look crowded even. That is a relative word. Compare western Turkey with the other industrial countries of western Europe, compare it with England or with Scotland even, and it is a country of open space. But I knew what the old man from Erzurum meant. To him, Aegean Turkey must have seemed too crowded with towns and villages and people. Eastern Turkey is bigger.

But even the cities on the eastern plain are beginning to expand, I almost said 'stretch'. There is a very simple and significant reason for this; and it was explained to me by a member of the Turkish Parliament, the member for the city of Erzurum. We met after I had spent two or three days in and near Erzurum and he asked me what my impressions of his city had been. I told him I was impressed by the ancient mosques, heavy spherical-domed mosques with graceful minarets, and with the modern buildings in the city. It was these, the modern

buildings, he wanted to talk about: they were new, no more than two or three years old. Without any investigation you could guess to a month or so the date that building began—in all cases the date was related to February 17, 1952, the day Turkey joined the North Atlantic Pact. You need security, he said, before you start building on this kind of scale; new offices for the administration of the city and the region, new military quarters (this is a military zone), new hotels, a new hospital, and new houses. With Nato behind them—literally behind them—the Turks of Erzurum, Hasankale, and Kars have begun to build again. This security must be a particularly strange sensation for the people on the plain of Kars; security has never been a luxury they could count on. They are in the invasion gap; they are on the direct

line of route taken by every invader from the Caucasus in the past thousand years. The Turks themselves, the Seljuk Turks, drove through here from Turkmenistan curling round the northern shore of the Caspian Sea. Tamburlaine came this way to Izmir on the Aegean coast. And the Russians have driven through the Kars gap five times (and have been forced back five times) in the past hundred years. In the cobbled streets of Kars, in the shadow of its cathedral-mosque (it was built as the one and became the other—cathedral: mosque), and in the long, squat shadow of its citadel, there are piles of stone and earth which have stood untouched for close on forty years, witnesses of the first world war. Now, with Nato at their back, the people of Kars are shifting that rubble and beginning to build again.

Kars is the last city in Turkey but there are villages between Kars and the Barley River. Kızılçakçak is one in which I stayed. Its very name is a history of the gap of Kars, where the mountains close in to enclose the invasion route. *Kızıl* means 'red'; *çakçak* means what it sounds to mean, *chakchak*, the repeated crack of a rifle or a machine gun. That is the last controlled outpost on the main route into Turkey—and out of it. Beyond it is the river through the barley, the narrow stream no more than five yards wide and an inch or two deep. That is all. A brown, swift stream that takes its water from the hills on



Country between Kars and Artvin, east Turkey

either side of the border, the hills that close in to make the invasion gap.

In a moment of fancy I thought of giving these impressions the title 'From the Cotton Fortress to the Fortress of Steel', from Pamukkale to Kızılçakçak. That is certainly the way the Turks would see it. To them, conscious of their position on the extreme flank of the North Atlantic alliance, reaching out through the wide, high plain of Anatolia to this little, insignificant but very important stream that curls through the gap of Kars, to them Pamukkale the Cotton Fortress away in the west is a symbol of modern Turkey, the Turkey which has absorbed colonial Greece and Rome on the Aegean mainland. For them Pamukkale has absorbed the ruins of Hierapolis. Kızılçakçak in the east is another symbol. Overlooking the Barley River, it symbolises the new closely knit Turkey, the Turkey of the Seljuks and the Ottomans, a republic in the modern style and very conscious of its own strength and importance.—*Home Service*

When he died two years ago, Douglas Southall Freeman had just completed the sixth of his projected seven-volume life of George Washington. Together with the fifth volume (both now published by Eyre and Spottiswoode, at 37s. 6d. each), it takes the story from the spring of 1778 to the spring of 1793, when Washington was beginning his second term as President. It is understood that the final, seventh volume is being compiled by Mr. Freeman's associates. Even so, the work as it stands is an important and astonishing achievement, whose last two volumes are as scholarly, as sympathetic, and as fluent as their predecessors.

Impressions of the Geneva Conference

By THE PRIME MINISTER

I AM glad to have this opportunity to give you some first-hand impressions of the Geneva Conference. The story of relations with Soviet Russia since the war has not been a happy one. Many of us hoped—I certainly did—after the war that the unity of the battlefield could be carried forward into our work for peace. It was with that idea in mind that the foundations of the United Nations were laid. But it did not work out that way. It is not much use trying to blame anybody for that now. But, in fact, the situation deteriorated and conferences became much more platforms for party propaganda than serious meetings where business was to be done. And then, grave events occurred. There was the Berlin airlift; there was the fighting and the aggression in Korea, and as a result of that we and our Western Allies had to build up our military strength again (at the end of the war we had reduced it to almost nothing). We did that in Nato, and by other means, until today you have in Europe two great blocs facing each other—Nato in the west, Soviet Russia and her satellites in the east; and, looming over both, the hydrogen bomb.

The threat of the hydrogen bomb is not altogether bad. It may seem strange to say that. But the knowledge that it is there, the knowledge of the destruction the hydrogen bomb can bring with it, that as a result there can be in a future war neither victor nor vanquished, that all must suffer, even neutrals—the influence of that has had its effect on the course and conduct of international relations.

Relaxation of Tension

And so it has been that when we gathered at Geneva we made progress: there was an understanding amongst all of us there that we must try to agree what our differences were, and try to find a machinery to solve them. I am not saying for a moment that all our problems are met; of course they are not—nothing like it. There is no call yet for easy optimism. But there is a relaxation of tension, due to the fact that all were agreed upon what they wanted to do.

It is in the context of that that I want you to consider the visit of the Soviet Ministers to this country. It is an immensely important event. It is the first time that the leading Minister of the Soviet Union has visited a western land. I hope, I am sure, valuable discussions will result. But, quite apart from the politics, I think that as the outcome of this meeting we can reasonably hope for a further growth of personal contact—to which I attach considerable importance. Of course, it is a good thing that the Wolves should be going to Moscow again to play the Dynamos. But we want much more than that, we want travellers from this country to be free to move about in the vast territories of Soviet Russia, and we want to welcome Russian visitors to this country. That is one of the results we want to see.

Now, about the Conference itself. Some of you may remember that before I went to Geneva, speaking at the English-Speaking Union one evening, I told you there were three principles which we could not surrender. One was our friendship with the United States; the second was Nato, and the third was the union of Germany. That is still our position after the Geneva Conference. The most difficult of the topics which the Foreign Secretaries will have to consider is the third—the unity of Germany. Here there is a real difference between us and the Russians, and we have got to face it. We say that Germany must be united, the sooner the better, and that a united Germany should take her place in a European security pact. The Russians say that the European security pact must first be created and then later, by stages, Germany can come into it.

Why is it that we lay so much emphasis on this unity of Germany? It is because until Germany is united there cannot be any real security in Europe. You cannot keep a great nation permanently divided; its people separated by an artificial barrier; families, communities, estranged by what are not real differences between them. And, inevitably, if this problem is not solved, it will be a cause of growing danger in Europe. To try to meet the Russian point of view, we said at Geneva that so far as our country was concerned—and our Allies said the same—we were ready to bring, in time, together the unity of Germany and the creation

of a security pact for Europe. Five powers would be members of the security pact for Europe—one of them will be the United States, and do not let us forget in Britain how important it is the great American people are willing to join in a security pact that in effect guarantees the security of Europe and its future. How different would the story have been between the wars if America could have done that then.

Agreeing an Agenda

These are the proposals on which we are working. It may be that in time that security pact, or something like it, can give Russia the sense of security she feels she needs, so that Germany may be united. Those are the problems we have still to discuss. You may well say: If you have still to discuss them, why is Geneva so important? The answer is, because for the first time since the war we sat down together in those few days to work out the problems we had to solve, and to try to decide together how to solve them. That has never been done at any time since the war. In fact, there was one conference, not so long ago, where they spent months in trying to agree the agenda, and never succeeded in even doing that. That has been done this time.

In international affairs, it is always so difficult to assess what the true possibilities are. There are so many intangible factors, and yet I truly believe that this meeting at Geneva, and the acceptance by the Russian leaders of my invitation for the visit here, could open a new era. It has not done so yet, but it has made serious negotiation possible. There is long, hard, difficult work ahead, but I do believe that if we engage on it in that spirit, we may yet solve the problems that have baffled Europe, and bring a sense of security to all our people. At any rate, Geneva has made that possible, and that is what we have got to work for now—in that spirit.—*Television Service*

The B.B.C.'s Annual Report

The Annual Report and Accounts of the British Broadcasting Corporation (Cmd. 9533) for the year 1954-55 has now been published by the Stationery Office at 4s. 6d. It states that the ever-increasing demand for television has been a dominant fact of the past year. But it adds that sound radio still has an important future. There have been many newcomers among sound listeners, and even in homes where there are television sets, most people continue to listen to sound broadcasts. The B.B.C. believes there will still be several million homes equipped for sound radio when its Charter ends in seven years' time. In terms of box office results, sound and vision are running neck and neck. It is estimated that evening television programmes have an average adult audience of about 5,000,000 people—about the same as the combined audience for the three sound programmes. The most popular television programmes attract some 9,000,000 viewers, and on special occasions the audience goes up to 12,000,000, nearly a third of the adult population. But there are sound programmes which have audiences as big as or bigger than these.

About competition from independent television the report states that its effects are bound to be considerable. But there will be no departure from the B.B.C.'s purposes nor from the standards it has set itself. The report observes that competition made itself felt during the year in a struggle for staff. In the spring of this year, inducements were offered on such a scale to B.B.C. staff in essential categories that they seemed to jeopardise the effective continuation of the B.B.C.'s operations in the immediate future. Special contracts were therefore offered to a number of people. Many of the staff had shown themselves unwilling to leave the B.B.C. even when approached with lavish offers. The Corporation's training facilities are being extended to provide for the future.

On colour television, the report says the B.B.C. will hold tests this year to find a suitable system. When the system has been settled, considerable time will be needed for the radio industry to make the equipment and receivers. The report says the grant for external services is enough to keep them at their existing level. But it does not allow for any expansion. The report is illustrated with photographs of aspects of the B.B.C.'s work and contains twenty-one appendices, many of a statistical character, ranging from the numbers of wireless licences issued from 1927 to 1955 to the membership of advisory councils and committees.

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Visiting Russians

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company

The B.B.C.

THE B.B.C. was much in the news last week. The light of publicity still flares upon the Corporation more vividly than upon almost any other national institution except Parliament itself. Little of what goes on can be, or indeed need be, concealed. Its detailed annual report and accounts for the year 1954-55 which have just been published by the Stationery Office explore every aspect of its working. Three years have passed since the Corporation received its last Royal Charter and licence which are valid for ten years. During that time changes have been rapid. Television now commands about the same-sized evening audiences as sound broadcasting, and it is estimated that more than one out of every two television sets is being used every night between eight and ten. For the future still further expansion is being planned. At present, over ninety per cent. of the population is within the range of B.B.C. television and by the end of 1956 more medium-power stations and low-power transmitters will have been constructed. The first block of buildings at the Television Centre at Shepherd's Bush was completed in 1953 and a start made on the second block. Meanwhile new television studios have been acquired. Furthermore, additional offices for headquarters staff are designed in the neighbourhood of Broadcasting House. Colour television is being actively studied. And, as was announced in the press, the hours during which television programmes are broadcast will be increased next month from thirty-six to forty-nine hours a week.

But, as the report points out, sound broadcasting is by no means dying. The figures of licences suggest that alongside the newcomers to television there have also been many newcomers to sound. The B.B.C. sees no reason to revise its view that even at the end of the period when its Charter expires there will still be several millions of homes equipped for sound. 'Sound radio', says the report, 'has an important future as well as a powerful past'. The introduction of V.H.F. broadcasting, with the opening of the transmitter at Wrotham last May, gives listeners to sound broadcasting an opportunity to hear these programmes at their best. Good music should be a notable beneficiary from V.H.F. broadcasting. Five other transmitters are due to come into use during the present year, and the new acoustic treatment given to the concert hall in Broadcasting House and other music studios should also enable a wider audience to hear music at its best.

One feature of the recent work of the Corporation has been a special concentration upon current affairs. Some limitations are imposed upon this by the Government. The Postmaster-General has published two directives about political broadcasts. The most important enforces the rule which has been in operation by agreement with the main political parties since 1948, that the Corporation must not permit the discussion of topics within a fortnight before debates upon them are to take place in either House of Parliament. Nor must M.P.s broadcast on the subject of any legislation which is before Parliament. In television such programmes as 'Press Conference' and 'Viewfinder' have successfully interested viewers in public affairs, and in sound broadcasting 'At Home and Abroad' has proved a valuable addition to the regular news bulletins and news talks. Above all, the Corporation is conscious of its obligations under the Charter. Its aim remains, as it always has been, to disseminate information, education, and entertainment. The report emphasises once again that 'there will be no departure from the B.B.C.'s purposes nor from the standards which it has set itself' in the years that lie ahead.

ON THE EVENING OF JULY 27, Moscow radio announced that Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev had accepted the invitation to visit Britain next spring. Subsequent Moscow broadcasts said that all Britain was 'animatedly discussing this important news'. Many western commentators welcomed the news as a fruit of the new atmosphere in international affairs evident at Geneva. From France, the left-wing *Combat* was quoted as seeing in the Soviet acceptance of the invitation 'a personal victory for the old lion', Sir Winston Churchill:

Without wishing to lower the prestige of his successor, it is a whole tradition and a policy that will be crowned by the Russians' visit to London. Sir Anthony Eden is reaping the harvest of his tradition and of this policy.

The Radical-Socialist *L'Aurore* saw in the announcement proof that all precautions had been taken to avoid drifting after the creation of a friendly atmosphere at Geneva. The Conservative *Figaro* likewise saw in the invitation a determination on the part of the British Government not to lose the effect of the contacts already established. An example of western comment which saw in the forthcoming Soviet visit a propaganda triumph for the Russians came in the Liberal *Dagens Nyheter*, quoted from Sweden:

Well, now London is next on the list. The announcement was greeted with cheers in the House of Commons. We cannot help recalling the cheers accorded to Mr. Chamberlain in September, 1938, when he announced his intention to travel to Munich. This time, of course, we don't have to worry about capitulation or a risky concession. But are there any signs to indicate, for example, that the peoples of eastern Europe are better off or that their satellite governments have changed their character? The cheers in the House of Commons have a hollow ring. Once again Moscow has scored a victory in its big propaganda offensive.

The fact that there are no signs of the satellite governments having 'changed their character' was underlined in many western comments on the shooting down over Bulgaria of the Israeli civil airliner, with the loss of fifty-eight lives. From Holland, *Telegraaf* was quoted as saying that the incident had filled the world with indignation. The Dutch newspaper *Handelsblad* was quoted as saying:

Moscow is unlikely to welcome this incident. For it shows that in actual fact there has been precious little change in the mentality behind the Iron Curtain. The smiles and toasts of the Soviet leaders in Geneva have lost much of their goodwill as a result of this incident.

From the United States, the *New York Herald Tribune* was quoted as follows:

If there is to be peace in the skies, some more civilised methods of regulating air traffic will have to be accepted by the communist regimes. The west can no longer condone murder in the air, even if it is accompanied by communist crocodile tears.

Moscow and satellite broadcasts last week continued to emphasise the 'world-wide satisfaction' at the outcome of the Geneva Conference. Much stress was laid on the 'friendly atmosphere', 'spirit of co-operation', and progress made towards 'ending the cold war'. According to one Moscow home broadcast: 'the representatives of the two camps no longer consider themselves as opponents'. A Moscow broadcast to England stated:

Geneva changed the world's political climate for the better and proved that the establishment of trust between states was feasible. . . . Much remains to be done, but this difficult job is made easier by the frank all-round exchange of viewpoints that took place.

The commentator added: 'There can be no solving of the German problem without the participation of the Germans themselves'. Broadcasts from east Germany—where all stations were linked to relay the proceedings at the Berlin rally attended by Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev—insisted again and again:

When the four Foreign Ministers deliberate, the representatives of both parts of Germany must be heard.

First, the 'cold war' conducted by Bonn against east Germany must be replaced by 'willingness to reach an understanding and sincere co-operation'. Numerous east German broadcasts emphasised that the visit to east Berlin of Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev 'proves that we do not stand alone, and that more than ever before the German Democratic Republic can count on the support of the U.S.S.R. and the mighty camp of peace in its struggle for a united Germany'.

Did You Hear That?

AN 'ANGLO-AMERICAN' REGIMENT

'PEOPLE CAME FROM all over the world to the two-hundredth birthday parade of the King's Royal Rifle Corps in Winchester', said PHILIP GOODHART in 'At Home and Abroad'. 'Sir Anthony Eden, who won a Military Cross with the regiment during the first world war, had driven down after his return from Geneva, and there were officers from the Ghurkas, from the Fiji Islands, from Rhodesia, and five young Americans who had served with the King's Royal Rifle Corps during the last war. In 1940—soon after the regiment had been shattered during the defence of Calais—the American Congress passed a special act allowing American citizens to enlist in the regiment without losing their nationality. The King's Royal Rifle Corps, so often known as the 60th Rifles, had been singled out because it is the only British regiment to have been raised in North America.

'Just 200 years ago a column of crack British troops had been ambushed on the banks of the Ohio River by a force of French and Red Indian marauders. There was confusion in the British ranks and some men broke for cover; their officers drove them back into the open in front of the enemy guns. A handful of officers escaped, including a young man, George Washington, but the commander of the column—General Braddock—was one of the victims. He realised as he lay dying exactly how ineffective the British Army's old drill and tactics had been when used in a new continent against a new enemy. Braddock's last words might well be the motto of much of the British Army: "We shall learn better how to do it the next time".

'Fortunately, the lesson was learned, and the Commander-in-Chief decided to raise a special force that would learn to beat the French and Indians at their own game of skirmish and ambush. The men were to be recruited in America itself. This regiment, first called the 62nd, and the following year the 60th Royal Americans, seems to have been lucky in its first officers. But it was more difficult to get suitable men—Pennsylvania was the regiment's first recruiting ground and conditions there were bad. When Henri Bouquet, the regiment's first great commander, saw the first batch of recruits he threw up his arms in despair. "We have got a number of such drunken, dirty fellows that we shall never make anything of them".

'But from these bad beginnings a military miracle was wrought. Prussian drill was abandoned; new uniforms, without lace, were designed; discipline was firm but reasonable; individual initiative was encouraged, and soon these "drunken dirty fellows" became better at frontier fighting than the enemy itself. Louisbourg was stormed, Quebec was captured, a Red Indian army was destroyed at Bushy Run, and soon French power in North America was broken.

'But twenty years after the Royal Americans were raised the American War of Independence began. The regiment stayed on the fringes of the fighting, partly because there were doubts about its loyalty to the British Crown—though it saw some brisk fighting in Georgia. After the British Army's surrender at Yorktown the survivors sailed for England.

'In 1830 the regiment was given, by order of King William IV, its

present title, The King's Royal Rifle Corps, and later fought in many parts of the world—India, Egypt, South Africa, Flanders—but the memory of America remained. Then, early in the second world war, a gallant band of young Americans renewed the link. Some were killed, more were wounded, and now British and American citizens have joined to celebrate the regiment's two-hundredth birthday. It is right that they should do so for the King's Royal Rifle Corps can justly



Her Majesty's Telegraph Ship *Monarch* taking on board 1,300 nautical miles of deep-water cable at Erith. Hugh Driver interviewed her captain in 'Radio Newsreel', before the ship sailed for Newfoundland to lay part of the first two-way 'hard' telephone circuit across the Atlantic Ocean. Left: the cable being stowed inside the *Monarch's* hold



claim to be the eldest child of the Anglo-American military alliance'.

A RACE-COURSE FOR ADDIS ABABA

Plans for the organisation of a complicated job on a race-course are in the brief-case of a man who has recently flown to Ethiopia. He is ANTHONY IRWIN, who, when he was out there with the British Military Mission a few years ago, had the job of helping to run a series of monthly race meetings. Now, the Emperor Haile Selassie has ordered that horse racing shall be a part of the way of life in Ethiopia, as indeed horse riding has been for centuries, and Mr. Irwin has been asked to get it going.

'To do this', he said, speaking in 'The Eye-witness', before he left England, 'will entail a great deal of work, for it must be ready by the end of November, and there are stands to be built, race-course rails to erect, new totes, offices, and a Royal Box, and the three short months available are all monsoon months, when as much rain will fall in a week as falls in six months in England. That is not good building or painting weather; but it will have to be done. November is the time of Ethiopia's greatest international trade fair, and it also marks the twenty-fifth jubilee celebration of Haile Selassie's accession to the throne, and racing and polo are to form one of the attractions of Addis Ababa for visitors from abroad.

'I think I can claim that not only are we the newest national race club in the world, but we are also the highest. The race-course stands near the Imperial Palace; in fact it is known as the Emperor's Field. Above the course towers the rock mass of Entotto, upon which lie some of the finest snipe pastures in the world, and the course itself

is at 10,060 feet. Believe me, that is high, when you are riding a two-and-a-half mile steeplechase, and I am not the only man who has ended a race and passed the post and just fallen out of the saddle from sheer height exhaustion.

'Although Ethiopia is within the tropics, it is green and colourful, cool and romantic. It could be a sportsman's paradise, with its racing and polo, and its big-game shooting and fishing, and some of the best wild-fowling in the world'.

MODERATION

'A couple of weeks ago more than half the television sets in America were tuned in to watch a middle-aged matron from Pennsylvania quote the Bible', said ALISTAIR COOKE, in 'Letter from America'. 'This lady—a Mrs. Kreitzer from Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania, a carpenter's wife—was a new national heroine. She had appeared for three previous weeks on the new television quiz show—which is called the 64,000-dollar question. If you keep on answering the questions correctly, in a branch of knowledge of your own choosing, you stand to win with your last answer 64,000 dollars, that is £22,850, delivered right there in the form of a personal cheque.

'Mrs. Kreitzer had chosen the Bible and had gone on triumphantly from 64 dollars to 128, up and up to \$8,000, when she was asked to recite the words "the moving finger wrote" at Belshazzar's feast. She did so, and came back the next week to try for \$16,000. She was asked the name of six of Joseph's brothers, including the youngest. Starting with Benjamin and Reuben, she wound up victoriously by snapping out, "and Zebulon". Next week she was asked if she would keep her \$16,000 or take the risk of either losing it all or winning \$32,000. She went for \$32,000. She was asked the names of eight of the Disciples, the occupations of two, and who was the father of James the Lesser. She got it.

'The next week, with uncountable millions believing as they had never believed in the Bible, she was asked if she was ready to stake all for \$64,000. "Well", this capacious matron said, "I was confident I could answer the \$4,000 question, and the \$8,000, and the \$16,000, and the \$32,000". She took a breath, and so did everyone else. "And I'm confident I can answer the \$64,000 question". Deafening cheers from the audience, and thunderstorms of cheers all across the mountains and prairies. "But", she said, "I prayed and I was answered. I remembered a line from Ephesians: 'Let your moderation be known unto all men.' I'm going to let my moderation be known".

'She took the \$32,000 cheque and hesitated only once on her way out. "Dear, dear", she said to the newspaper men, "it wasn't from Ephesians, it was from Philipians"'.

FILMING '1984'

George Orwell's novel, *1984*, which caused such a stir when presented recently as a television play, is now being filmed at the Associated British Studios at Elstree. According to this political satire, England in the year 1984 is known as 'airstrip 1'. London has been ravaged in an atomic war some twenty years earlier. The people are divided into three classes: the inner party or ruling class, the outer party—composed of government workers—and the 'proles', who are no more than slaves. LEONARD PARKIN, a B.B.C. reporter, has been to Elstree to see the film in the making, and he was particularly impressed by the sets, which create an imaginary London with stark realism.

'In planning the sets', he said in 'The Eye-witness', 'the art director, Mr. Terence Verity, had a tough problem. He had to imagine

a London after an atomic war, and he had to think how some of it would have been rebuilt. The first part was the easier. You can still find places in London shattered by real bombing. But the new buildings were another matter. Mr. Verity has leaned forward twenty-nine years to guess the sort of buildings we shall see in 1984.

'His buildings, such as, for instance, the Ministry of Truth, where they remake history at their own convenience, are like nothing we have ever seen before. They are massive bomb-and-blast-proof buildings shaped like bee-hives and covered in a pinkish plastic material, translucent and suffused by a light which seems to come from nowhere in particular. In the film, the three Ministries of Love, Truth, and Peace (think of the opposites and you have the work they do) are in Trafalgar Square. Under its new name of Victory Square, it is vastly changed. Nelson's Column is there, but Nelson no longer occupies it. Instead, Big Brother, that fearsome, frowning, unknown dictator, glowers down on a changed square. The new ministries have replaced Canada House, South Africa House, and the entrance to Whitehall. Admiralty Arch still stands, but with a huge television screen staring down from its central arch, like a Cyclopean eye. On all sides there are telescreens staring at the people like so many goldfish in a bowl.

'Apart from the buildings, which are plastered with slogans—"War is Peace", "Freedom is Slavery", "Ignorance is Strength"—the makers of the film are using models to show the change in the London scene. For instance, there are plaster models of the National Gallery, of the Coliseum, and of Nelson's Column, too, and back on the stages of Elstree Studios the brooding face of Big Brother stares from posters and bas-reliefs. The film is being made in this grimly realistic London of make-believe. The haunting face of Big Brother watches the cameramen and artists and actors all day, and as I left, after only a short visit, I was quite sure Big Brother was watching me'.



A scene from the film '1984' which is now being made. Winston Smith (played by Edmond O'Brien) standing in front of a poster of Big Brother in the 'prole' sector of London

WILD ORCHIDS

In a talk on wild flowers in the Midland Home Service HARRY SOAN said that when he lived in Worcestershire he met an old lady, slowly walking a dusty lane, her hands behind her rather bent back.

"Hullo" I said, "weather like this is hard on the feet, isn't it?" "Me feet be all right" she said, "I can thank God as me feet be as free of carns as a toad be of fevers. I just been down to see me beyarkuses, goes every year I do and picks just a few". I was puzzled—"beyarkuses"—I had never heard of them.

'She withdrew one hand from behind her back. "Ere 'em be, look". And then I knew them—but only from books: I had never seen them before in the flesh, as it were. Bee orchids they were, orchids looking like fat, well-nourished bumble bees. "Where do you find these?" I asked. "Down on yon bank by No Man's Bush". I dashed off to find them, and there they were sprinkled on a dry bank above the rough lane; a bank that became holy ground to my wife and me, and to which we made annual pilgrimage as long as we lived in the neighbourhood.

'Another day that stands out was when, wandering in the recesses of a dense, neglected hazel copse, I came upon a bird's-nest orchid. We had searched for a sight of this for years. With thoughtless excitement, I hurried home to fetch my wife. We returned at once—and, of course, could not find it. Cursing my carelessness in not marking the spot we searched until gnats and darkness drove us home. We never found it. It made me wonder whether that orchid was nothing but an enthusiast's illusion. Maybe it was, but illusion or reality it is the same to me: I have seen a bird's-nest orchid and nobody will convince me that I have not'.

Strikes and Society

By J. M. CAMERON

IT is easy for academic people like myself to moralise in a rather irritating way about strikes and other questions of the day. We stand at a distance from the pressures and anxieties suffered by workers and employers, trade-union leaders and officials of the Ministry of Labour. Strikes may put us to some inconvenience, and we are in the long run affected by changes in the economic situation; but we are a little remote from the conflict. This comparative remoteness from the conflict is perhaps a reason for thinking our observations on the present situation may be worth having; and those of us who have specialised knowledge in some field, historical, legal, or psychological—and this was the case with the three previous speakers in this series of talks*—are certainly worth attending to.

But a philosopher has no such specialised knowledge. What he aspires to—and I will not say what he possesses—is not detailed knowledge of a subject-matter but a skill in distinguishing one idea from another, in disentangling from the confused appearances of social life the principles of conduct which make their claims upon us, in making plain what we are logically committed to by this or that policy. His primary job is to make things clear; and if he goes on from this to give advice, to suggest what it would be expedient or right to do, this he does rather as a man and a citizen than as a professional philosopher. Such, at any rate, is the contemporary British view of what it is to be a philosopher. And certainly what I have to say about strikes is not at all the contribution of an expert.

Changing Views in the Last Hundred Years

Views on the ethics of strikes have changed a good deal in the last hundred years or so. In 1844 a clergyman told the striking miners of Durham that they were 'resisting not the oppression of [their] employers but the Will of [their] Maker'. But by the 'nineties Cardinal Manning could be the friend of Ben Tillett and could write in this strain: 'If for just cause, a strike is right and inevitable; it is a healthful restraint on the despotism of capital. It is the only power in the hands of working men'. If today some people are beginning to question not the right to strike—very few would openly propose that strikes should be outlawed—but the rightness and the wisdom of strikes, this is because it is no longer thought to be true that capital exercises a despotism or that the strike is 'the only power in the hands of working men'.

It is widely believed that there has been a great shift in the distribution of social power, to the disadvantage of the old governing classes and to the advantage of the workers in industry, and that this shift in the distribution of social power, together with the now widespread practice of collective bargaining, makes the strike as a method of determining wages and conditions an anachronism. Add to this that, through the intervention of the state, casual labour in the docks is a thing of the past; that the mines and railways are now public enterprises, that every strike (and especially strikes in the mines, the docks, and the railways) damages that export trade upon which—so we are continually assured by politicians and economists—our economic well-being depends; and we become swiftly convinced that strikes are more than anachronistic: they are wanton attacks upon the common good. If this were a theological age, we should undoubtedly say with the Durham clergyman of 1844 that strikers in the docks, the railways, and the mines are resisting the Will of their Maker. As it is, we are content with calling them irresponsible and with chiding them for the ingratitude with which they have responded to the benefits showered upon them in recent years; and we suspect that they must be possessed by the principal Devil of the age, the Communist Party.

I am unhappy about all this. First, it seems to me that only those fully acquainted with the relevant facts are entitled to condemn the conduct of groups of men who are not plainly fools or knaves, and in my opinion many of those who condemn the conduct of strikers do so too easily and without enough knowledge of the background of strikes. Secondly, and still more important, I think that the common assumptions about the distribution of power in our society and about

the way in which our society has been transformed in the past ten or fifteen years need some examination.

It is often easy to say, in a purely formal way, where power resides in a society: in the state, in a trade union, in a university, in a political party. Many societies have written rules which give us this information. For example, if we consult the rules of the Transport and General Workers' Union we find that 'the Government of the Union and the appointment of its trustees, and the power to make, amend, and revoke the rules of the Union and its constitution, shall be vested only in a Biennial Delegate Conference'. If we add to this the provision for the election of delegates to this conference, notably the provision that only delegates elected by popular vote may vote in the conference, we arrive at the conclusion that power is exercised by the general membership of the union through popularly elected delegates.

Misleading Rules

This is true enough as a statement of the formal position. But if this were the whole truth, or even a leading truth, about this trade union, then it would have been quite unnecessary for Dr. Goldstein to have written his illuminating book about the union†. The real distribution of power in any society is not quite unrelated to its formal constitution; but you cannot 'read off' from the formal constitution how power is in fact distributed. (Let me make it plain that I am not making a special point about the Transport and General Workers' Union. I am making a general point about all institutions with a formal structure expressed or expressible in rules. I could just as easily have taken as my example the Primrose League or the University of Oxford.) I do not suggest that formal constitutions are useless or, as such, misleading. But one thing is clear: there is always a difference between what we should expect if the formal rule described what went on and what we find if we examine the actual working of societies.

One of the difficulties today in the discussion of social and political questions—and it is, as I shall try to show, a difficulty with a bearing upon the present situation in industry—is that it is so often taken for granted that the difference between the formal and the actual position is a consequence of our not being quite clever enough—or quite good enough—to match our performance to our principles. In other words, if only we were more ingenious or more virtuous we should be able (for example) to make 'government of the people, by the people, for the people' not only a statement of aims or ideals but also a description of our political life; just as British Railways would be able, if all the trains were in a state of mechanical perfection and none of the workers ever made mistakes and there were no adverse weather conditions, to make the arrival and departure of all trains correspond exactly with the times set out in the current timetables. All this seems to me a mistake, a mistake springing from a confusion of the language we use when we are writing constitutions or talking political theory with the language we use in talking about our everyday dealings with things and men.

How Power is Exercised

If, to stick to the example I have already given, we say that power in the Transport and General Workers' Union is exercised by the general membership through popularly elected delegates, what we say is true—we can verify it by looking up the constitution of the Union—but it may be misleading in more than one way. We may, as I have already suggested, take it as a descriptive statement, as telling us what goes on in the conduct of affairs in the Union; and then, if and when we find it is not accurate as a description, we feel we have been cheated. But there is a deeper source of misunderstanding. The idea of 'exercising power'—indeed, the whole concept of 'power' in talk about society—is an ambiguous one.

If we say that, in a democratic state, or in an association such as a trade union, power is in the hands of the citizens or the members, all we may mean is that there are rules of the state or association which

* Printed in THE LISTENER of July 14, 21, and 28

† *The Government of British Trade Unions: a Study of Apathy and the Democratic Process in the Transport and General Workers' Union.* By Joseph Goldstein. Allen and Unwin, 1952. 25s.

prescribe that at certain times qualified citizens or members are to be consulted about such matters as who are to sit in the House of Commons or who are to compose the executive committee of the association; and there is a rule determining that it is these matters upon which citizens or members are to be consulted. This is to interpret statements about power in terms of statements about rules. It is surely very often the case that we make statements about power in this sense; and then argue from these statements to conclusions that would be true only if we had given a different sense to our statements.

Fallacious Argument

For instance, we sometimes come across this kind of argument—I put it in the crudest terms for the sake of simplicity. In a democracy all power is derived from the people. But in Britain the people do not decide about many matters of foreign policy; and they have not the power to decide. Therefore Britain is not a democracy. Here the shift of meaning is plain enough. If we say that Britain is a democracy we are referring to the rules of the constitution; and when we say that under this constitution power is derived from the people we are again talking about rules—those governing the timing and procedure of elections, the methods of voting, the distribution of the electorate among constituencies, and so on. But the contradiction between saying that in Britain power is derived from the people and saying that the people do not have the power to decide this or that issue of foreign policy only exists if we change the meaning of ‘power’ in the middle of the argument, from ‘power’ as used to say something about the rules of political life to ‘power’ as meaning the ability to intervene directly in the shaping of policy.

This kind of misunderstanding of what we are entitled to expect of self-governing institutions—‘self-governing’ is another tricky expression—is, I am sure, one of the reasons for a feeling of frustration that comes over most of us from time to time. Because we cannot as individuals make a perceptible difference to what goes on, we feel that somehow democracy promises what it cannot perform. And there are other sources of frustration. The issues with which big organisations—the state or the Coal Board or a great trade union—have to deal are complex and can only be settled with the help of persons expert in various fields. And it is not easy for the rest of us to understand the variety of considerations such experts have to keep in mind. To understand the reasons for decisions that have to be taken about the level of investment, the balance of investment as between alternative sources of power, the location of industry, and other matters of this kind, demands a training in economics that most of us have not got. And whatever decisions are taken, and even if they are the best decisions, some people are inconvenienced or feel their interests have been sacrificed to those of others. It is sometimes hard to see that democracy is not like the caucus-race in *Alice in Wonderland*, in which everybody wins and everyone receives a prize.

Again, it seems a reasonable generalisation from what we know of the working of institutions with a mass electorate that those who through the electoral process get into key positions develop interests and purposes which, however laudable, are different from those of the electors. The secretary of a great trade union, for example, has a strong interest in maintaining the system of collective bargaining, with all that it involves in the way of give and take, confidential negotiations, the sacrifice of immediate gains for the sake of long-term advantages. If he feels a sense of responsibility for the economic well-being of the nation he may think it right to look at the interests of his union in the context of the national interest and may in consequence think the union ought to forgo certain sectional advantages in the national interest. It will not be surprising if from time to time sections of his members who do not and cannot share his experience and feel his concerns think their interests have been betrayed and take to unofficial strikes, rank-and-file movements, and so on.

Aspect of a Dramatic Change

Let me return to an earlier point. I suggested that one of the reasons why many people now think of the strike as an anachronism is because they think that in recent years there has been a great shift in power from the old governing classes to the workers. I want to suggest that this is not quite how we ought to describe recent social changes. It would be better to say that there has been a shift in power from those who derived their ability to determine policy from the possession of wealth and from a habit of deference to the wealthy to those whose

prestige and ability to determine policy are derived from their positions in the trade-union movement or from their positions in the bureaucratic structure—I do not use the word ‘bureaucratic’ in any pejorative sense—of large public and private enterprises. The special attention paid to the views of the Trades Union Congress, whatever the political complexion of the government of the day, symbolises one aspect of this dramatic change.

My guess is that for a variety of reasons—some of them were brought out by Mr. Paterson in his talk on the psychology of strikes—many members of the trade unions do not see the picture at all clearly. They are certainly aware of rising material standards; they feel the remarkable change in their situation which full employment has brought; but those who take the important decisions are not much nearer to them, and their motives and reasons are not much more comprehensible, than they were before these great changes took place. These workers have been nourished on the misunderstood commonplaces of democracy. They have a natural and proper desire for a share in the government of their working life; but this desire seems often to be defeated by the mechanics of trade-union and industrial organisation.

Deciding What is ‘Fair’

I do not think anyone doubts—not even the strikers themselves—that some of the recent strikes have been difficult to justify and have caused a good deal of avoidable harm to our economic life. But conduct which is not altogether justifiable is often understandable. One of the difficulties trade-union leaders, workers, and employers face today is that we seem to have no criteria, or no consistent criteria, for deciding what is ‘fair’ in matters of wages and conditions—‘fair’ in relation to the resources of industry and ‘fair’ as between one industry and another, one grade of workers and another. We long ago abandoned the policy of leaving these matters to be settled by the law of supply and demand; but we do not seem as yet to have worked out an alternative method. And in the absence of clear and usable criteria, it is very natural that groups of workers should feel unjustly treated, especially if, for the reasons Mr. Paterson gave in his talk, they do not think they are valued as workers with a special skill or respected as persons.

And when we—I mean workers who do not strike, employers, trade-union leaders, writers in the press, politicians, professional people, and the rest—are provoked into thinking that perhaps we could make matters better by new legislation, I think we ought to consider the relation of the right to strike to the fundamental principles of our free society. The right to strike is founded upon the principle that in our society the relations between persons in economic life are governed not by status but by contract. The idea that as between an owner of the means of production and a proletarian there is a genuinely free contract is no doubt something of a fiction; and the growth of the trade unions is in one respect a vast effort to give some substance to this fiction, to counterbalance the preponderating power given to some men over others by the ownership of capital. Once we begin to toy with the notion of restricting the right to strike by legislation, we are really toying with the notion of founding our society upon relations of status rather than relations of contract. And this would be what the late Hilaire Belloc called, in an often perverse but occasionally acute essay in political theory, ‘the Servile State’. He wrote:

The difference between servitude and freedom, appreciable in a thousand details of actual life, is most glaring in this: that the free man can refuse his labour and use that refusal as an instrument wherewith to bargain; while the slave has no such instrument or power to bargain at all, but is dependent for his well-being upon the custom of society, backed by the regulation of such laws as may protect and guarantee the slave.

The return of slavery and the return of murder and torture as political weapons are the unhappy badges of our time. It is surely inconceivable that in this, the greatest free society of western Europe, we should take the slightest step towards servitude. We do well to remember that even the silliest and least justifiable strike is an exercise of civic courage forbidden by law, or repressed with savagery by the executive of the state, in much of the world today.—*Third Programme*

A new periodical, *The Stock Exchange Journal*, has just appeared. It is to be published quarterly by the Council of the Stock Exchange and printed by *The Times*. The first number contains a foreword by the Governor of the Bank of England and its price is 2s. 6d.

A Cistercian Account Book

By C. H. TALBOT

A FEW months ago there came up for sale at Sotheby's an account book of the Cistercian abbey of Beaulieu in Hampshire the only one of its kind known to exist, though attention was called some years ago to the account book of Faringdon, one of Beaulieu's manors. Through the generosity and public spirit of Mr. A. Ehrman and his wife this valuable manuscript has been secured for the nation and presented through the Friends of the National Libraries to the British Museum. As a result, it is now possible to study in some detail the inner working of one of the important Cistercian abbeys during the thirteenth century and to note what changes, if any, had taken place in the economic principles of an Order which, from the beginning, had run counter to all the accepted traditions of an earlier age.

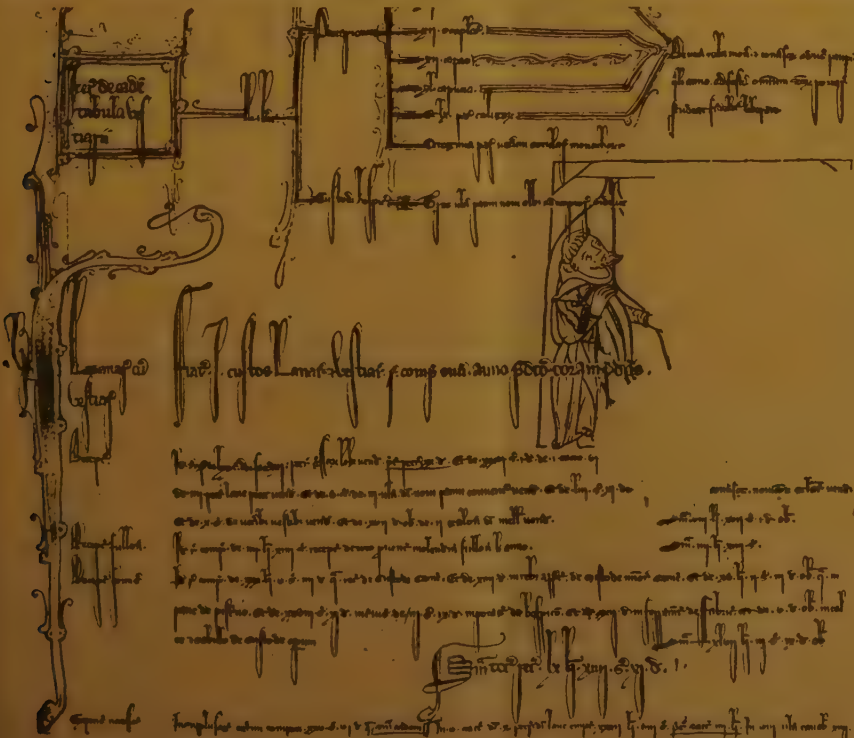
The manuscript itself is very impressive both by reason of its size and the meticulous care with which it has been written, and leaves one with the suspicion that it was intended to be the exemplar on which all later accounts were to be based. It measures 19½ by 13½ inches; is bound in oak boards, written in red, black and green ink, and decorated with two beautiful drawings, both unfortunately much mutilated. In fact, the entire manuscript has been horribly cut up, so that out of 137 pages only 12 are complete. But this does not detract from its intrinsic value because, on account of the extraordinary precision and regularity with which all the details are entered, it is possible to reconstruct the greater part of the text which is missing.

It is common knowledge that the essential principle of Cîteaux was that its monks should live by the labour of their hands. They were not allowed to take revenues from churches, altars or vills, rents

from bakeries or mills, tithes from lands or indeed from any source which would make them dependent on the labours of others. They were to earn their subsistence from cultivating land, breeding cattle, pigs and sheep, and with this in view were to build their abbeys not



Aerial view of the ruins of Beaulieu Abbey, Hampshire: beyond the old foundations of the nave are the cloisters and refectory (now the parish church); bottom, left, the monks' wine press



Part of a mutilated page from the thirteenth-century account book of the Cistercian Abbey of Beaulieu. It contains accounts of the wooler and wardrobe keeper

in towns or cities but in places remote from the haunts of men.

As regards administration, the Cistercian abbey was in theory, and remained for several generations in practice, an entirely self-contained unit. All the mass of administrative detail which occupied the officials of the older Benedictines was virtually non-existent. With the Cistercians the sole task was the organisation of their own body for the production and distribution of their produce, and so all this work was concentrated into the hands of a single cellarer who had subordinates among the lay brethren in charge of the various granges.

The great interest of the Beaulieu account book is that it shows to what extent, within a century or so of St. Bernard's lifetime, this early simplicity had been lost. Not only do we find the Cistercians at Beaulieu receiving dues from churches, courts, and prisons, but there is a host of officials, the porter, infirmarer, wardrobe keeper, forester, wooler, parchmenter, farrier, baker, and (what would have made St. Bernard turn in his grave) a furrier. Whether this multiplication of officials was due to the growing possessions of the abbeys, which made it impracticable for one man to deal with them, or whether through mismanagement it had come to be regarded as safer to delegate the administration to several subordinates, we do not know. We do not even know when this change took place, for there is no decree in the Statutes of the General Chapter imposing such an alteration in the old tradition.

This complete reversion to the Benedictine system of obedientiaris would seem to be the work of Stephen Lexington, successively abbot of Stanley in Wiltshire, Savigny in Normandy, and finally of Clairvaux. That he was an innovator is clear from his foundation of the college of St. Bernard in Paris, but it was

to be expected that a man whose relatives included a Chancellor of England, a bishop of Lincoln, and others in posts of eminence would not be lacking in progressive ideas. In 1230 he drew up regulations for the administration of his abbey of Savigny, and when he made his visitations two or three years later, he introduced them to his English *confrères*. One of these was Waverley and it was probably from this abbey that the regulations found their way to Beaulieu about the middle of the thirteenth century. If this is so, we may perhaps credit Dennis, the fourth abbot of Beaulieu, with their final reduction to writing.

The rules, eleven in number, are missing from the Beaulieu manuscript because it is imperfect at the beginning, but the Faringdon accounts give them in full. They deal with the time when accounts should be rendered, how they should be drawn up, the regulation of debts and credits as between one obedientiary and another, the manner of assessing the income of manors, granges, and other offices, and the exact names which should be given to stock at various stages of their growth.

Regulations for the Paying of Debts

The accounts of the infirmarer, hospitaller, farrier, cellarer, and builder had to be rendered each week in the presence of the sub-cellarer and others, in winter after the private masses, in summer after Chapter. The debts of one obedientiary to another or even to seculars were not paid in cash but were regulated by a system of tallies and I.O.U.s, so that only the custodian of the abbot's chamber seems to have handled money. Each obedientiary had his own set of regulations to observe. Thus the man in charge of the sheep was responsible for all the flocks except those in Cornwall and the Isle of Wight, and could requisition any pasture he considered necessary. He began to prepare his wool at the beginning of April and the man who washed it was paid a fixed sum of 3s. as wages, besides his food, which consisted of two loaves, a smaller one of different quality, and a gallon of beer. Should the washer desire to get his work done more quickly, he had to hire labour out of his own purse.

The wool seems to have been graded into several qualities, good, medium, gross, lok, and warplok. For one sack of good wool the price was £10 16s. 8d., for warplok £4: the price of the rest is not easy to compute since it was sold by the stone and there are no indications how many stones were required for one sack. Suffice it to say that the total output for one year was about fifteen sacks for selling, not counting the appreciable amount that would be handed over to the wardrober and tailor for the uses of the community.

The amount of wool needed to make a length of cloth was regulated, as was also the number of cowls and tunics that could be made from a length of cloth. About the making of the cloth itself there are no details, but we know from other sources that it was usually done inside the abbey. The river, beside which the abbey stood, was dammed at a certain point and the water sluiced off to run beneath the monastic workshops. First it ran into the mill to turn the millstones and sort the flour from the bran: then it went on to the brewhouse for the making of beer: next to the cloth makers, where it raised and lowered the heavy stamps or mallets used by the fullers; and then, after flowing through the tannery where leather for the brethren's shoes and belts was prepared, it divided into a number of smaller streams, cleansing the sculleries, the garderobes, and irrigating the herb garden.

In view of the fact that historians have denied that Beaulieu exercised hospitality to strangers, it is interesting to note that detailed regulations are decisive on this point. Relatives of the monks could visit them two or three times a year and were entertained for two days, but if they stayed longer no food or drink was provided. For others, ranging from kings and cardinals to their lowest servants, the precise quantity and quality of food and drink is determined and from the list which is appended it would appear that a constant stream of visitors flowed to the abbey. In the year for which we have accounts the hospice spent nearly £120 in entertaining guests of one kind or another, nearly six times as much as the expenses for the secular infirmary. The poor at the gate were evidently a permanent feature of the place and it was the duty of the porter to care for them. Three times a week he distributed the bread remaining over from the refectory, the infirmary, the abbot's table and other offices, and every night of the year thirteen of them were to receive lodging, whilst at Christmas and other great feasts their number was to equal that of the monks in the community. Since the poor also received a penny on Maundy Thursday, we are able to calculate from the accounts that the community, not counting lay-brothers, numbered fifty-eight. Only during the time of harvest

was this hospitality restricted, for then it was given only to travellers, pilgrims, the very old and young, and the sick. Those who could work had to earn their bread.

Attached to the guest house there was evidently an infirmary under the care of a separate obedientiary. Here the couriers from distant abbeys in France like Cîteaux, evidently the worse for wear after crossing the Channel, could recover from their sickness: here, too, the hired workmen who had suffered accidents in the course of their employment, or those who had grown old and decrepit in the abbey's service, were tended. The diet they were given seems to have been wholesome and ample, with plenty of beer and, if we include offal, a sufficient supply of meat. But there are no details about the medical arrangements or any expenses for ingredients necessary for compounding remedies. The nearest we get to them are pepper, cumin, almond, and other spices, probably bought to improve the appetites of the patients. A reminder that all these attentions were sometimes useless is provided by an item recording the sale of a dead guest's clothes and a regulation deciding who shall dig the graves.

Compared with other monastic houses of the period, the Cistercians at Beaulieu appear to have given fair attention to their library. The parchmenter was responsible for providing the parchment on which to write and it is interesting to note that he graded it into four categories according to its quality. A number of skins were sold to outsiders, and the money so obtained went towards the expenses for ink, thread, book-clasps, and other items used in providing books for the library. The abbot and the prior had a special allowance of writing material for their own uses, whilst the notary who dealt with correspondence and the cellarer who had to draw up accounts also received their share. After all these demands had been met and a certain number of skins had been allocated for writing new library books and mending old ones, the obedientiary could show a profit of only 10s. 4d.

In the forester's account we find the principles on which production of wood on each acre of woodland was assessed. No tree was allowed to be cut until it was at least twenty years old, and then the length and thickness of each piece was determined so that there should be no uneconomical destruction. Where the land was stony and it was difficult to cut down the trees, only the top parts were taken, the lower parts being used for charcoal.

Following the forester's accounts there are details about weights and measures used by the monk in charge of building. They differ somewhat from those used later in the manuscript for other commodities like cheese. For instance 25 pennies weigh a pound: 12½ pounds make a stone: 4 stones equal a weight. But when it is a matter of measuring cheese, 12 pounds make a stone and 15 stones equal a weight. The builder's hired labourers were engaged not by the week but by the season, which extended from the second Sunday after Easter until Michaelmas, and for their work they received not food but wages. Their hours were long, from sunrise to sunset, with intervals for meals at nine, midday, and three o'clock in the afternoon: but on Saturdays they finished earlier, whilst on the eve of feast days and on the feast days themselves they had a holiday, for which they received full wages.

Lay Brothers and Hired Labourers

This mention of hired workers does not mean that most of the labour at Beaulieu was done by outsiders. There were still a great number of lay brothers in the community, and the builder, whom we have just mentioned, had at least four of them to assist him. Most of the granges and manors were administered by lay brothers and a series of regulations is devoted to describing their obligations, particularly with regard to their visits to the abbey on the greater festivals of the year. We can also see from the wardrobe-keeper's accounts that the provision of grey tunics, shoes, belts, mantles and other articles of clothing presupposes a fair number of lay brothers in comparison with the fifty-eight professed monks. The proportion of hired labourers is higher than it would have been in the more flourishing days of the Order. A number of the obedientiaries have three and sometimes four assistants, and these appear to work inside the monastery itself, with the brewer, the tailor, and the shoemaker. Indeed, the upkeep of so large a staff must have been formidable, and makes it easy to understand why, apart from other circumstances, such abbeys found it difficult to remain solvent.

Since Beaulieu had access to the Solent along the Beaulieu river, it is not surprising to find that it had its own ship for carrying corn and other things from its possessions in Cornwall and elsewhere. Whether the ship was used for carrying merchandise not belonging to the abbey is not clear, but there are receipts from the sale of wine,

coal, and lead, which might convey the impression that they were carrying on some form of trade. These receipts totalled £63 14s. 9d. for the year recorded, which is twice as much as was received from the manor of Faringdon.

It is tempting to ramble on like this, discussing details that appear in the accounts of other obedientiaries, quoting prices, comparing the number of animals, assessing the productiveness of the land and so on: but to end this brief survey of the contents of the Beaulieu account book, I should like to mention the list of wages which appears in the concluding pages of the manuscript. This is divided into a winter tariff and a summer tariff. During the winter carpenters received 4s., the highest paid workers on the abbey books: next came those in charge of cows and sheep, carters and so on with probably 2s. or 3s. (this part is mutilated): then a lower order of cowmen, cooks, carters, with 1s. 6d.: others still with 16d. and 12d. In summer the wages were much higher: carpenters received 6s.: carters, cowmen, and so on, 4s.: whilst all the others had at least a double wage. Unfortunately the final page, which might have contained the complete wage bill for one year, is missing, but it may be possible, by ferreting out the details

from individual accounts, to compute the exact number of hired labourers at Beaulieu and so discover what the monastery's commitments were. But this must wait for a future occasion.

On the whole we get a very favourable impression of the administrative abilities of the monks. They had no doubt drifted far away from the primitive simplicity that marked the days of Stephen Harding and Bernard of Clairvaux, but economic conditions had changed considerably in the intervening years, owing not a little to the Cistercian revolution of agrarian economy, and it would seem that their new methods were a way of adapting themselves to it. The lay brothers, however, still seem to be taking an active part in the farming of the land, the main crafts in the monastery are exercised by members of the community and the economic and financial condition of the abbey seems to be stable and flourishing. There is no evidence of forward selling of wool, whilst the stocking of the manors and the granges appears to be fairly heavy. The picture is a happy one and leaves one with the conviction that Beaulieu was blessed not only with a succession of able superiors, but with a united and hard-working set of officials, sturdily backed by a loyal and contented community of monks.

—Third Programme

Self-government in the Commonwealth—IV

Bills of Rights and Minorities

By SIR IVOR JENNINGS

IN my last talk* I mentioned that the leaders of the Indian National Congress assumed that the problems of a plural society could be met by including a Bill of Rights in the Constitution of India. Experience of Bills of Rights is derived mainly from the first country to leave the Commonwealth, the United States of America.

The Bill of Rights annexed to the Constitution of the United States was not intended, however, to deal with communal problems, such as those arising out of differences of race, language, religion and so forth. Its original purpose was to prevent the Congress of the United States from enacting legislation taking away the liberties which were thought to be essential for the working of representative government, and which had been, in the opinion of the American colonists, infringed by the Government of George III. Provisions against racial discrimination were added after the American Civil War. That they were not effective is known to everybody, but this is no criticism of the drafting. It was said long ago that one cannot make people good by act of parliament; nor is it possible by constitutional provisions to remove deep-seated social prejudices. The Supreme Court of the United States has recently been engaged in making the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution more effective. That this has been possible is due not to any change in the law but to changes in the attitudes of the people of the United States. In the northern States there never has been much social discrimination, but it has been an essential characteristic in the southern States, and nothing that the law could do could alter that situation, except over a long period.

India has much the same sort of problem in its caste system. To those who are not familiar with it, caste discrimination seems as ridiculous as colour prejudice seems to the Indians. On the other hand, it is a very ancient characteristic of Indian social life, and the anxiety of the active politicians to remove caste discrimination has little influence upon social behaviour. Except in the more backward villages, it can probably be removed in a generation, and no doubt constitutional safeguards and legislation will help, but more by creating opinion than by express prohibition. It will be a long time before most Indians are willing to allow their daughters to marry among the castes which are deemed to be inferior, and intermarriage is the acid test of social equality.

My present concern is with political discrimination, and I do not suggest that the existence of social discrimination in the Indian caste system was any more reason for delaying the independence of India than the existence of racial discrimination in the United States was a reason for preventing the creation of that great country. It is not, however, simply a problem of discrimination. The relationship between Hindus and Moslems in undivided India was not a relationship of superiority and inferiority. What was feared was not social discrimination but favouritism in the process of government, and in fact this

fear was almost as strong among sections of the Hindus as it was as between the Hindus and the Moslems; and, as between the Hindus and the Moslems, it worked both ways, so that, when India was partitioned, the Hindus of Pakistan feared discrimination as much as the Moslems of India.

To illustrate these fears, it will perhaps be convenient to take the neighbouring country of Ceylon, where communalism was not so strong as it was in undivided India. The Tamils of Ceylon, most of whom are Hindus, did not, I think, fear that there would be any restriction on their religious activity. Buddhism, which is the religion of the majority, is a tolerant religion and, though it has become aggressive in the past generation, it is aggressive mainly against the Christians, not because the Buddhists had strong objections to Christians as such but because of missionary activity designed to convert Buddhists to Christianity. Two generations ago it was possible for a Christian bishop to forecast that Buddhism would entirely disappear. Then Buddhism became harnessed to the political movement and the Buddhists became more aggressive, with the result that Christianity is on the defensive. There has also been some conflict between Buddhists and Moslems, though partly for social reasons which have nothing to do with religion. So far as Buddhists and Hindus are concerned there has been, so far as I know, no difficulty at all.

On the other hand, the Tamils did fear, and to some extent still do fear for their language. English is an international language whose scope is increasing daily. We have no fear for its disappearance. Nor, I think, do many of us feel excessively patriotic about it. Possibly, however, it is because the question is so obviously hypothetical that we can assume, for the sake of argument, that no harm would be done if we all changed our language to Italian or Spanish. On the other hand, the Welsh have a strong sentimental attachment to their language, and so probably they understand better than the English do the feeling that the Sinhalese have for Sinhalese and the Tamils for Tamil. There are, however, 7,000,000 Sinhalese and 1,000,000 Tamils. Is there not a danger that in an independent Ceylon an attempt might be made to supersede Tamil by Sinhalese? Actually, the policy of the Government of Ceylon and, I believe, of all parties, is to make both Sinhalese and Tamil national languages: but it is not easy to govern a country through two languages and there is no doubt that, if sentiment could be ignored, it would be better to have one language only.

It is not, however, a question of sentiment only. If Sinhalese is the national language, those whose home language is Tamil will have difficulty in finding employment. At best they will have to become bilingual. Indeed, for all the better paid employments it would be necessary to learn to read, write, and speak an international language also, and in present conditions that would have to be English. Thus,

an educated Sinhalese would be bilingual in Sinhalese and English; but an educated Tamil would have to be trilingual in Sinhalese, Tamil, and English—unless of course he gave up his own language altogether.

Language is not, however, the only problem arising out of employment. Assuming communal prejudice to exist, and undoubtedly it does exist, will not an appointing body which contains a majority of Sinhalese prefer a Sinhalese candidate to a Tamil candidate? Nor is it only a question of the first appointment. In any employment there are likely to be six or seven Sinhalese to one Tamil. Is it not likely that when questions of promotion to higher posts are under consideration a Sinhalese will be preferred to a Tamil? Nor, again, is it only a question of appointment and promotion. To secure appointment it is necessary to secure the necessary education. In admission to universities and technical colleges run mainly by Sinhalese may there not be discrimination against Tamils? In choosing candidates to go abroad for higher qualifications, may there not be an inarticulate preference for Sinhalese?

The Problem of Education

Indeed, education illustrates another general problem. Schools have to be provided or subsidised out of public funds. The amount available is necessarily limited. What is more, the Tamils occupy the poorest parts of Ceylon, while the revenue-producing industries are in the Sinhalese areas. Will there not be a temptation for the Sinhalese areas to be preferred in the making of educational grants from public funds, the provision of scholarships, the provision of universities and technical colleges, and so forth? Education is, however, only one of the items of public expenditure. There are other social services, such as poor relief, hospitals, maternity clinics, and so forth. Roads, railways, and transport services may depend upon national expenditure. In respect of any or all of these there might be discrimination, particularly when it is remembered that the number of members of the legislature and of the government who are Tamils is likely to be small. Indeed, there might be none at all in the Cabinet, since the Sinhalese would have a very large majority in the legislature.

I do not suggest that all these fears are likely to be realised. On the contrary, in the past eight years they have not been realised. Nevertheless, allegations about racial discrimination were made to the Soulbury Commission, before independence, in 1945, and in one case the commission found the allegation to be proved. What I am trying to do is to illustrate the directions in which discrimination is feared by a communal minority in an environment in which communalism is important. Nor have I exhausted the list of subjects in which, in different conditions, there might be discrimination. For instance, Hindus object to the slaughter of animals, and especially of cows, for food: but there are usually minorities who eat flesh and even eat beef. Buddhists, Hindus, and Moslems object to the drinking of alcoholic liquor. Are they likely to be tolerant of the habits of people who have no such objection? Then there are problems relating to religious festivals and fasts. A day of rejoicing for one religion may come, for instance, in the middle of a period of fasting, and riots have occurred in several parts of Asia because of unfortunate coincidences of that sort. May not the majority community decide the issue in its own favour?

The real answer to all these problems is the development of tolerance, a sense of fairness, and a recognition of the interests of others. This requires, however, a great deal of experience and, perhaps, a rigorous course of education: but education has its own problems. If Sinhalese are educated through the medium of Sinhalese, and Tamils through the medium of Tamil, the children have to be segregated in different classes if not in different schools. Such segregation implies rivalry of an unhealthy kind, of which Ceylon already has experience. The national tradition, which undoubtedly has grown up in the past two generations, was due largely to the fact that students of different communities worked and played together in the same schools, using English as a medium of communication and instruction. Consequently, the nationalism which induces the politicians to provide education through the national languages threatens to destroy the nationalist tradition by stressing the communalism involved in the use of separate languages. The schools are trying to minimise the consequences, but there is grave danger of a revival of communalism in the next generation.

The question under discussion, however, is whether a Bill of Rights can help to allay the fears of discrimination which minority communities always profess; and this raises questions about Bills of Rights generally. Let me say at once, as one who has tried, that they are very difficult

to draft. A Bill of Rights is an enumeration of rights in the form of general propositions. Now, general propositions, as general propositions, are excellent: the difficulty is to apply them to concrete situations. Let me take an example which has no strong political implications. It is the right of citizens to assemble peacefully, and without arms. This right, we say, is essential for effective political discussion, for religious communion, and for general social activities. But does it mean that any group of citizens can assemble anywhere they please? Can they assemble on somebody's land without his permission? Can they assemble in such a way as to obstruct a highway? Can they assemble on a playing field in a public park when somebody wants to play football? Obviously there must be limitations, but those limitations are not expressed in the general proposition. Again, though people may assemble peacefully, they may assemble for an unlawful purpose—for instance, to interfere with a man's access to his own property or to prevent him from going to work. Or they may assemble quite peacefully, and without arms, but in such a manner as to lead reasonable people to fear that breaches of the peace will occur—for instance, for religious worship in a place which people of some other religion regard as specially sacred.

Other examples could be cited. Neither the draftsman nor anybody else can think of all the circumstances which might arise in which it would be perfectly proper to restrict the right of assembly. All that can be done is to add another phrase. It would be necessary to say, 'Subject to the requirements of public order, public morality, national emergency and the rights of others, all citizens may assemble peacefully and without arms'. Such a declaration is not absolutely worthless, but its value is not very great, because the limitations are so general and so wide. In England we have no such declaration and no such right. Any person may do what he pleases so long as he does not break the law or interfere with the rights of others, and we take care to impose restrictions only when they seem necessary in the public interest. A declaration of right on this question would be useless to an Englishman in his own country, because every intelligent citizen would make a fuss, and make certain that his Member of Parliament made a fuss, if an unnecessary or dangerous restriction were imposed. In war time, for instance, we allow all kinds of restrictions to be imposed upon us for the defence of the realm, restrictions which we would not accept in normal circumstances. And this brings us to another point. If a Bill of Rights is included in a Constitution, provision has to be made for the suspension of the rights in time of emergency, but it is in time of emergency that some kinds of rights are most useful.

Another consequence of a Bill of Rights, at least in the British system, is that it leads to litigation. It is the function of the courts to protect the rights given by the Constitution, and English law has developed remedies for the purpose which are used in countries like the United States and India in which Bills of Rights are incorporated in the Constitution. The result of such litigation is that, until the highest court has pronounced on the question, the validity of legislation is often doubtful. People do not know whether to obey or not to obey, and this develops a general tendency not to observe law until somebody starts to enforce it.

Unregarded By-law

Let me give a simple example which does not arise out of a Bill of Rights, though it is an example of the same kind. In a certain city the Municipal Council has made a by-law to the effect that headlights may not be used on a certain highway. There are notices to that effect, but nobody pays the slightest attention to them. One reason is that there are certain conditions of weather, such as heavy rain, in which the motorist must use his headlights for his own protection and the protection of other persons using the highway. The other reason is that the police say that the by-law is invalid, and so they make no attempt to enforce it. The result is that nobody has been prosecuted and therefore no court has pronounced on the validity of the by-law. Hence most motorists pay no attention to the by-law; but everybody knows that if motorists, or anybody else, regularly break one rule of law they tend to treat other rules of law with similar contempt. We can generalise the proposition by saying that, if law is to be adequately observed, it must be certain, and many laws will be uncertain in their scope and validity if there are general propositions expressed in a Bill of Rights which may or may not affect the validity of legislation.

You will notice that I have left aside the question of the protection of communal interests by a Bill of Rights. I have done so because these general considerations create a presumption against a Bill of Rights in

any event. They are not, however, conclusive. There is no such thing as a perfect Constitution, because one always has to make a choice between bad alternatives. Communalism is a problem endemic in a plural society, and one must somehow meet the fears of those who think communally, in the hope that they will gradually cease to do so. If a Bill of Rights will help, the advantage may lie in having a Bill of Rights.

I have mentioned the example of Ceylon. The Constitution of that country contains one provision designed to prevent legislation which discriminates on the ground of community. It is not a good provision because it does not define the term 'community'. While the Constitution was in draft, I tried to get a definition inserted. The Ministers did not like any of my drafts because necessarily they referred to caste and, though caste discrimination does prevail in social behaviour, the Ministers did not like the suggestion that there was some fear of such discrimination by legislation. On that point they were right: I do not think that anybody in Ceylon would suggest legislation which would discriminate according to caste. On the other hand, a caste is undoubtedly a community, and so one must prevent caste discrimination even if it is extremely unlikely to happen.

The result of the omission of any definition at all was that a lower court held certain legislation invalid. There was no right of appeal, but I suggested a procedure by which a superior court could be seised of the matter. That court overruled the lower court and an appeal was taken to the Privy Council, which held that the legislation was valid. While this litigation was going on, numerous difficulties, which had to be met by special legislation, arose because of doubts whether the original legislation was or was not valid. That was an unfortunate result of having a provision in the Constitution giving protection against communal discrimination. The experience does not show, however, that the provision should not have been inserted, because it did enable some of those who feared discrimination to accept the Constitution. To be a good Constitution it must be acceptable, and accordingly one may have to put things into a Constitution to make it acceptable even if one knows that technically one is inserting a defective provision.

Avoiding Discrimination in Public Service

Sometimes there is an easier and more effective method of dealing with the problem, to find out what sort of discrimination is feared and to insert techniques of government which will diminish, if not prevent, such discrimination. A good deal of the fear of discrimination is removed if adequate representation is given to a minority in the legislature; and, as I have already explained, this may involve a modification of the principle of one man, one vote, one value. Discrimination in respect of employment can be avoided if an impartial system can be established for making appointments and promotions, such as the Public Service Commission established in Ceylon. Sometimes it may even be necessary to provide for quotas in the public service, as is done in India and Pakistan. If these provisions are given constitutional protection, at least for a period of years, the tradition of impartial administration may develop. In many Constitutions the various languages are protected. Education is another field in which constitutional protection is sometimes required. In other words, instead of using general language in a Bill of Rights, it may be more effective to study the problem on the spot and invent constitutional provisions which will meet the difficulties which the minority communities feel to exist. Find out where the shoe pinches and make a better shoe.

You must, however, remember that I have so far been drawing upon the experience of Asia. That experience may be relevant to the West Indies and West Africa. It is less relevant to the much more difficult problems of Central and East Africa, where the much more fundamental differences between Europeans, Indians, and Africans are much in evidence. These differences are not due only to the colour problem. I cannot undertake to explain the colour problem to you, because I do not fully understand it myself. The French and the Portuguese do not notice any colour problem, and in this respect I seem to be a Latin for I have never noticed it either. I have lived and worked with educated Ceylonese and Pakistanis, and worked with educated Indians, and I have never even been conscious of their colour. Nor, I imagine, have they paid much attention to the fact that I have no pigment in my skin. We have, of course, followed different social conventions because, like most Englishmen in Asia, I have simply made a home from home; and, though many Asians have been in my house and I have been in many Asian households, we have simply adapted ourselves to each others' conventions, as an Englishman does in the United States or an American in Britain.

On the other hand, there seem to be people who are affected by colour, or at least people for whom differences of colour seem to exaggerate the differences of social convention, which undoubtedly exist. It should be said, too, that this applies just as much to the Asians as it does to the Europeans. I have seen colour prejudice as between Asians and Africans, and in fact many Asians are so segregated by their social conventions, particularly as they apply to women, that sometimes the European gets on better with the African than he does with the Asian or than the Asian does with the African.

Difficulties in Creating Common Citizenship

In Africa, too, there is a pronounced difference of economic status which is perhaps more important than differences of colour and social convention. There are few Europeans, but they own the greater part of the capital equipment. The Asians are more numerous than the Europeans and are pre-eminent in retail trade, in clerical services, in the legal profession, and so forth. The Africans are much the most numerous and the great majority of them are cultivators or unskilled labourers living at little above subsistence level. There are similar differences in respect of education. There are thus three distinct layers, which do not mix except in a formal manner, and out of which it is extremely difficult to create a common citizenship.

The difficulty is that there is, and must inevitably be, conflict over political power. It need not exist where there are few Europeans and the great mass of the population is African, even when the Europeans occupy a dominant place in the economy of the country. Unless the Africans have sufficient experience to appreciate the necessity of maintaining European enterprise, they obviously have not the experience necessary for self-government. In the Commonwealth countries of Asia, where the Europeans have no political power whatever, they have nevertheless been able to maintain their economic position because their services are needed. No doubt Africa will have the same experience. The difficulty arises where the Europeans are numerous enough to demand a share in the government of the country. That problem becomes even greater when there is also a large Indian population. The solution of this problem is spoken of as 'partnership'; but we have not yet worked out exactly what that means. I should suspect that here as elsewhere the solution must be pragmatic, related to the conditions of the country concerned, and adapted to the local conditions.

I am afraid that these are generalities; but for one who is not familiar with local conditions to do more than talk generalities would be a presumption. My task is to explain the difficulties, not to solve them: and, indeed, my contention is that there is no solution except one based upon local knowledge which I do not possess. What seems clear is that the multi-racial countries like Kenya and Central Africa are likely to have a slower evolution towards self-government than such comparatively homogeneous populations as those of the Gold Coast and Nigeria. I hope, however, you noticed my use of the phrase 'comparatively homogeneous'. In the sense in which I have described the United Kingdom as homogeneous, these populations are heterogeneous. On the other hand, they are near enough to national self-consciousness to be getting very near to self-government.—*Third Programme*

Absence

I visited the place where we last met.
Nothing was changed, the gardens were well tended,
The fountains sprayed their usual steady jet;
There was no sign that anything had ended
And nothing to instruct me to forget.

The thoughtless birds that shook out of the trees,
Singing an ecstasy I could not share,
Played cunning in my thoughts. Surely in these
Pleasures there could not be a pain to bear
Nor any discord shake the level breeze.

It was because the place was just the same
That made your absence seem a savage force,
For under all the gentleness there came
An earthquake tremor: fountain, birds and grass
Were shaken by my thinking of your name.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

NEWS DIARY

July 27-August 2

Wednesday, July 27

Prime Minister announces in Commons that Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev have accepted an invitation to visit the United Kingdom next spring

Austrian State Treaty comes into effect: Allied Control Council in Vienna meets for last time

An Israel airliner flying from London to Tel Aviv is shot down in Bulgaria with - loss of fifty-eight lives

Thursday, July 28

The Prime Minister broadcasts on television about the Geneva Conference (see page 171)

Israel protests to Bulgarian Government about shooting down of Israel airliner

The B.B.C. is to increase television transmissions by thirteen hours a week from middle of September

Friday, July 29

It is announced at the White House that United States scientists are to launch small unmanned satellites into space during the international geophysical year

The Building Societies Association recommends that mortgage rates for owner-occupiers shall be increased

Sir Edward Benthall is appointed to the Board of Governors of the B.B.C. in place of Sir Ivan Stedeford

Saturday, July 30

Marshal Zhukov, the Soviet Defence Minister, announces that all Russian occupation troops in Austria will be withdrawn by October 1

Britain and the United States protest to Bulgaria about the loss of lives of their nationals in the shooting down of the Israeli aircraft

Sunday, July 31

Scientists of many nations comment on American announcement that small satellites are to be launched soon

The Pakistan rupee is to be devalued to the same level as the Indian rupee

Vickers Valiant four-jet bomber flies from London to Habbaniyah in four hours fifty-one minutes at an average speed of over 523 miles per hour

Monday, August 1

Eleven U.S. airmen imprisoned in China as spies are released. Talks between representatives of the United States and Communist China open in Geneva

The principal bank in Monte Carlo is declared bankrupt

Tuesday, August 2

Soviet delegation which has been studying agriculture leaves England with expressions of gratitude

Twenty-four-hour strike takes place in Cyprus as protest against new sedition law



This year's fine, sunny July has enabled farmers in most parts of the country to gather in their hay in good time. This photograph shows hay-making at Trent Park, Hertfordshire, last week



C. Chataway of Great Britain winning the three-mile race at White City stadium last Saturday in the new world record time of 13 minutes 23.2 seconds. The race was held during the athletics match between Great Britain and Germany

Right: a prize-winning tableau, 'Future Travel', by the Jersey Young Farmers' Club, taking part in the annual Battle of Flowers and Carnival at St. Helier last week



M. Jean Salis touching down at Ferryfield, Kent, on July 29 in a replica of the aeroplane in which Blériot first flew in 1909. M. Salis built the machine himself



A display by Balquid



Highland dancing during the Lochearnhead and
Glenageish Games held last week at Lochearnhead,
Perthshire



Yachts competing in the National Jolly Boats championships, held
daily during Plymouth Regatta last week



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...annel in



Left: on July 28, to complete the rebuilding of the spire of
Llandaff Cathedral, Glamorgan (damaged in the war), the Dean,
the Very Reverend Eryl Thomas, climbed 200 feet up the scaffold-
ing to fit the weathercock. He is seen placing it in position



Sir Jacob Epstein, who has been awarded the first medal of the
United States Sculptors' Guild and has been made the organisation's
first honorary member, photographed with his group 'Social
Consciousness' at the Art Museum, Philadelphia, last week

Left: Greek scouts in national costume leading their contingent at
the march-past after the opening of London's second International
Scout Camp at Gilwell Park, Essex, on July 28

The Liberal Muse—III

The Custodians of Intellectual History

By A. G. LEHMANN

IN my first two talks* I spoke of the integration of the sense of history as a stage in the formation of the idea of a European intellectual heritage, and of some of the problems raised for literature and its criticism by the growth of this idea.

These are questions which bear in different ways on statesmen and scholars and agitators and poets. I have tried to consider them only in relation to ways of thinking which could be considered common to historians and laymen alike. But there is one special field which has a direct bearing on the conditions in which a European intellectual tradition could develop, and that field is education—and particularly higher education. Without some change in the character of learned organisations during the nineteenth century it is not certain that the courses charted out by the pioneer historians and critics could ever have been pursued as far as they have been.

'The True End of Man'

I shall take one main example, an illustrious one: Wilhelm von Humboldt, virtual founder of the University of Berlin. Much of Humboldt's early writing is, broadly speaking, political, and hardly reveals a mind likely to be caught up in state institutions; it is directed to staking out claims for liberty of the individual against all encroachment by the state. The course taken by the French Revolution confirmed him in a most violent individualism. Like Burke, Humboldt simply did not believe it possible to graft an *a priori* rational constitution on to something so much the outcome of historical process as a modern society; but, most of all, the state had no business to interfere in education. Humboldt's original arguments over this last point look a little extreme to our twentieth-century eyes, but are worth summarising. 'The true end of Man', he says, 'prescribed him by eternal and unchanging Reason is the fullest, and most harmonious possible development of his powers as a whole'. Further, 'man is now at a stage in his culture from which an advance can only be made by the development of the individual'.

To this end freedom is essential; so is variety of situation and of experience: and the world, though no doubt less wondrous to behold than in the golden age, is becoming morally far richer from the gradations and nuances of people's varying view of it. Variety of upbringing gives rise to tensions between men in society, and allows them through tension to reach a higher social unity; harmonious self-realisation depends on uniquely adapted upbringing, which alone encourages zest and enthusiasm (that enthusiasm which so fired Mme. de Staël at the conclusion of her book *On Germany*). But the state produces uniform effects when it interferes, since 'like causes produce like effects'; in forming the 'subject' the state sacrifices his 'moral character' to the 'social cypher'. To form free men, general, not vocational, education is the only course: the freely educated man indeed tests the state; if he can keep his independence from it, and freely 'struggle' with it, the resulting advantages are mutual; it may be even that 'in the process the national character will undergo slow modification of a perhaps beneficial kind'. Humboldt is emphatically on the side of those who, like Mirabeau, held that 'in a well-regulated society, everything encourages man to cultivate his natural powers; education will be good without attention being given to the matter; it will be all the better for reliance being placed on the industry of the master and the emulation of the pupil'.

This is not quite the attitude to expect from a Minister of Education; and Humboldt, in 1808, had to retreat from it. Indeed, with his appointment as Prussian Director of Cults and Education, his greatest task was to arrange for a new state encroachment on the sacred leisure and variety of the private subject. Humboldt's organisation of the new University of Berlin was a fine achievement: his handling of finance, staffing, and administration turned out to be first-rate. But there are two connected things which specially stand out in his design. The first was his insistence that the Royal Academy of Berlin should be merged into the university. This brought the university some useful quarters and scientific collections, but it did

much more than that. It underlined a principle of critical importance.

To most men of Humboldt's generation, brought up in the second half of the eighteenth century, a university was an institution not fundamentally changed from the medieval body of that name: one which, with its theological, medical, law, and philosophy faculties, either provided some professional qualification in the first three cases or in the fourth administered a general propaedeutic leaning on a fixed range of what might be called classical learning. The very ambiguity found in the senses of the word 'college' reflects the closeness of perspective between what we think of as school work and what the eighteenth century considered fit matter for the university. As opposed to the university, the Enlightenment's chosen seat for the advancement of learning is the academy, whether national or provincial, Prussian or French, British Royal Society or Roman *Accademia degli Arcadi*.

The proceedings and communications of academies have laid the real foundations of much of modern learning and most of modern science. Nevertheless if academies encouraged the pursuit of learning it is still true that they had little direct contribution to make to education. And university institutions, with a small number of distinguished exceptions, were not thought of primarily as places where erudition and education crossed paths.

This gap between teaching and research was sharpened in the seventeen-nineties by a set of reforms carried out in France on a scale which attracted much attention. The reorganisation of the Royal Academies into the Institut on the one hand, and the setting up of regional state schools, together with plans for strictly technical training centres on the other, widened still more the gap between scholarship and teaching. Under Napoleon, the Faculty of Letters was merely intended to comprise 'all that goes to make up the first stage of education—grammar, languages, the elements of history and geography, and rhetoric'; call it, if you will, a last flutter of the medieval Faculty of Arts, except that its explicit aim and end was now to bestow a state teachers' qualification. The Emperor had a rather unpromising view of the educative value of the liberal arts: 'From my own experience', he declared, 'I know that literature courses teach nothing more than what one knows already at fourteen'. It is true that his idea of literature was rather different from Mme. de Staël's or her friends'. His only plan for a centre of higher learning was for a supercharged *Ecole Speciale*, with four Chairs for maritime, continental, commercial, and statistical geography, and ten Chairs of history—a sort of Cabinet secretariat, or a 'bureau of universal information'. Education under the new scheme was preparation for a career or for a campaign.

Humboldt's Views on Education

After what I have said about Humboldt's views on general education, it is hardly surprising that his plan for the University of Berlin was a flat antithesis of contemporary French development. The original need the foundation had to meet, after the Treaty of Tilsit, was the demand for teachers in Prussia; and there were those who would have been content simply to add a teachers' institute to the existing academy. Not so Humboldt. To him, exactly the opposite process, namely the incorporation of the academy in a new university, was a token that teaching should not be a routine divorced from the active search for truth, but a general training of all the individual subject's powers.

This leads into the second crucial point in Humboldt's idea of learning: the task and reward of education lies not so much in reaching a goal of knowledge as in the journey itself, and this fact is the hallmark of higher education: 'Everything in the internal organisation of places of higher learning stems from the principle of looking at learning as something not yet fully discovered, not even fully discoverable, and of pursuing it unceasingly as such'. And from this premise flows, among other things, the theory of the need for the teacher to wrestle with his research in the company of his pupil.

It was not hard for Humboldt to advance this vitalist attitude to education, seeing that two of his new collaborators had already expounded it in projects for university reform: Fichte, whose whole

teaching career had carried him in these directions, and Schleiermacher, whose idealism implied a single, unified, and disinterested world of learning knowing no frontiers (and especially not those of the state); Schleiermacher looked to the new Berlin foundation to break with the custom of universities serving restricted political and territorial interests.

Relations between State and University

Humboldt's thorough-going, almost other-worldly liberalism and its ready acceptance by the monarch, makes sense, partly, in the light of historical circumstance: the new university was to be a national, not simply a Prussian venture, directed to the German-speaking nation as a whole, in the black days before the Moscow campaign. It was the cultural nation's reply to the ruin of the political state. This is what gave it its pioneering spirit at the start, and also made possible the effort to secure the most distinguished selection of teachers: what university ever began its existence with a team to match Fichte, Schleiermacher, Savigny, Reil, Wolf, Böckh, and Niebuhr? Seeing the considerable outlay that was involved in so lavish an enterprise, Humboldt reluctantly accepted the argument that an institution for higher learning is ideally best without state interference, but that since men cannot always stand the full gale of freedom, a totally independent body might well fall into a decay, and that to avert this danger the state might intervene, though limiting its intervention in all cases to matters of external policy. For the very short time that he supervised the destinies of his creation, Humboldt managed to deal creditably with the relations between state and university—chiefly because he was as anxious as anyone to safeguard its freedoms; he had returned to private life and general linguistics before normal conditions brought with them problems more typical of early nineteenth-century academic policy. But after his departure the early years of Berlin University are still characterised by the breath of original and creative research passing through the classrooms.

It is not easy to be so sure that on the other side of the fence, in the general pedagogic results obtained, Humboldt's ideal was such an immediate triumph: varying estimates have been given of the success with which the various star performers were followed by students and general public in these seminars where intellectual gymnastics of Herculean standard were the order of the day. While applauding Humboldt's energetic measures of liberalisation, one may be permitted to doubt whether, after all, it is always the best thing for the gym instructor to do trapeze acts with the class which have not been practised beforehand. Whereas Fichte at least had an idea of what a university called for in the way of direct relationships between institution and student population, Humboldt had not: his latest biographer conjectures that he imagined all students to be a collection of little Humboldts, intensely preoccupied with the harmonious development of their individual powers.

How does the appearance of the modern university encourage the growth of a sense of the historical unity of a European tradition? At first, not very much. The universities of Europe, which in the nineteenth century multiplied as they had not done since the late Middle Ages, are not, by and large, initiators in this field, however amazing their impact in other respects. It is worth noting that Humboldt made hardly any attempt to alter the content of the disciplines of higher education; at best he succeeded in stretching philosophy to cover political science, including finance and economics. But, on the other hand, Friedrich von der Hagen, a most distinguished scholar, was given a Chair of German Studies only after prolonged humming and hawing, and then without any remuneration—this in a university whose mission was to follow up Fichte's *Speeches to the German Nation*—and other living languages and literatures had not even that recognition, since they were held to be 'general literature', in an academical sense, and not fields of serious philological study in a university. In the English universities at that moment one would have found an almost equally blank picture. London University on its foundation had provision for Chairs of German, Spanish, and Italian and presently French; not only was this unusual, even by the standards of a foundation classed at the outset as a joint stock company, but some time was to pass before these provisions made their mark in the intellectual life of London.

In France the picture was not quite the same, partly owing to the existence of the *Collège de France*, and partly owing to the repeated reorganisation of the universities. It is true that it was the older structures of academies and institutes that sheltered the first great developments in modern philology. The true initiators were many of them not holders of university appointments: against Guizot who was, and who lectured to tumultuous audiences at the Sorbonne from 1818

onwards, there were Raynouard, Michaud, Fauriel, who were not. It was not to attend seminars that German philologists made the pilgrimage to Paris, but to meet old Silvestre de Sacy of the Institut, or his successors. By the 'thirties, however, Fauriel and Ampère were creating romance literature at the Collège de France, flanked by Michelet on the history of the Middle Ages, Lerminier on comparative jurisprudence; Edgar Quinet, joining them, turned his lectures on the literature of the south of Europe into a public attraction of major importance. At this same moment, indeed, Germany is inventing romance philology as part of Indo-European linguistics; and with the simultaneous growth of these disciplines, the separate European modern studies could at last bear comparison with the massive tradition of classical philology and call themselves respectable.

In the pattern of European society that has slowly emerged, through various cataclysms, from the time of Humboldt down to the present day, the university with its many-sided encounters between the liberal arts, its regular forum for free exchanges, and its impact on generations of non-specialists, has had the greatest part in putting within our reach the idea of that European heritage which I spoke of at the beginning of these studies: the university, acting not as an instrument for producing practical and planned results, but as a market in the field of thought where something like supply and demand can—or should—work with their full rigour, and where no truly living point of view should be arbitrarily suppressed. Where, in short, growing points for the future may reasonably be expected to make their first appearance. And where, finally, the conditions of disciplined thinking about past in relation to present, a constant resource against fanaticism and the 'philosophy of history', make it possible to get some idea of the terms in which a European heritage can legitimately, as opposed to merely practicably, be made to mean something in mid-twentieth century.

—Third Programme

Structure of Soviet Society

(continued from page 168)

statute of 1939 gave him a status in the party side by side with the worker and the peasant.

It is in this new intelligentsia, recruited from different class origins, and not constituting a class in the Marxist or Leninist sense of the term, that we must look for the ruling group in Soviet society. This is the group which has substituted itself for the dictatorship of the proletariat; the only theoretical justification for the substitution is that its *raison d'être* and its purpose—the cementing force which holds it together—is the industrialisation of the country. In this respect, it still carries the dynamic of the proletarian revolution; and to this long-term purpose the immediate welfare of the worker, to say nothing of the peasant, will be ruthlessly sacrificed. The ruling group remains pledged to the eradication of everything bourgeois from Soviet society. If it still tolerates a handful of nepmen, it tolerates them because it must. It is engaged in a desperate uphill struggle to turn the *kolkhoz* worker into a good socialist—a struggle only halted by the still more desperate need to induce him to feed the towns for a meagre return in the form of consumer goods. This is the core of the problem which any ruling group that stands for industrialisation has to face.

One more question: How far does this ruling group constitute a closed and privileged social order? Professor Seton-Watson lays stress on the growth of educational privilege. I think too much can be made of this argument. Every ruling group looks after its own, including its own children; and, when good educational facilities are scarce, it will see to it that its children get the best. But the essential fact about Soviet society is that it is the society of an expanding economy; and educational facilities, too, are expanding rapidly. In an expanding society policies of exclusion do not work and do not last. The child of the worker does not, it is true, start level with the child of the party official or of the industrial manager. But the gulf is not unbridgeable, and it seems likely to narrow if the Soviet economy continues to expand at anything like its present rate. So long as this goes on, Soviet society and the ruling group will remain fluid and we shall see further changes. Meanwhile, we only confuse ourselves by attempting to equate the present regime in Russia with anything we have seen in the past—whether with a Tsarist autocracy or with a Victorian bourgeoisie. It is a new phenomenon in history, with new merits and new vices, and we had better try to see it for what it is.—Third Programme

Catfoot Rides the Range

By RENÉ CUTFORTH

ONE of the strange things a war correspondent finds out very early about his job is that soldiers think it has glamour. Why this should be I cannot begin to imagine—it must be obvious even to the most preoccupied of soldiers that, anywhere near a front line, the man who is working the softest option in sight is the war correspondent. All war correspondents get roughly the same instructions from their editors. Mine said: 'Now, look here, I'm not interested in heroics. If you want to be a hero you can join the army. What I want is stories, plenty of stories, and I want them here in the office. They are no use to me if you can't get them back in time. If you get yourself stuck somewhere for three or four days, I don't care how good your story is, it will be no use to me, it will be too late to use. Got it? Well, good luck'.

Put into practice, this means that if the correspondent is ever bored by the bit of the war he happens to be in, he goes somewhere else at once, because he has to get a story. And if ever the situation is really dangerous he gets out like lightning, 'so as to go on being useful to his paper', as he is anxious to explain.

Last time I was a war correspondent, I had the privilege of being driven all over South Korea by a soldier—I will call him Bramble—who held the highest romantic view of my calling. He painted an enormous notice, 'War Correspondent', in letters ten inches high and fixed it on the front of our jeep; after that he would drive past everything at full speed. 'They can't touch yer', he would say steaming past a sentry while the man fumbled with the bolt of his gun. 'Can't touch yer, Mr. Catfoot', for such he believed to be my name, 'war correspondent!' and he would suck his teeth with a loud noise which meant he was enjoying himself.

'Got a war correspondent 'ere, important dispatches, stop press', he said to an angry Australian sentry who told him his fortune for trying to jump a convoy. 'So don't you start rattlin' yer ball and chain'. And in the purple silence he drove on.

Whenever we met a brewing-up party on the side of the wintry road, Bramble would pull up and stroll across to the group, and presently I would hear,

'Got a war correspondent 'ere'.

'What sort of a bloke is 'e?'

'As good as gold', Bramble used to say, 'and the 'eart of a lion. Mind you, you 'ave to 'ave, this job', he used to go on very seriously. 'Never get no rest, front line all the time you might say. Anybody 'avin' a bit of a barney you have to go in and watch it see, report it like. Yank Marines one night, old 29 Brigade the next, submarine, helicopters, jet-fighters. Nip in and see the old Chinese, ask 'em 'ow they're goin' along. 'Ave to report both sides, only fair. You 'ave to use yer loaf, mind. Ought to 'ear this bloke shootin' a line. Cripes! Used ter think I could tell the tale in the old barrer business. Nothink. Well I got to go. I got an assignment'.

And he would find me stories. 'Ere, see that chap, Mr. Catfoot; go on, you saw 'im before I did. Don't look like a Korean to me, more like a Russian: in that fur 'at. What say we follow 'im up? probably got a helicopter hid in that wood. Oh all right, 'ave your own way, Mr. Catfoot, but mark my words them Russians'll be in 'ere any day now'.

In those days, early 1951, you had to go by road nearly a hundred

miles from the front line to the cable station. It was a miserable journey in the bitter winter over abominable roads, and everybody put it off as long as they dared unless they had some big story. I had no big story, but a wretched jumble of impressions which I hoped would keep the office quiet until the war blew up again on the Han river bank. But I had to go in the end, and Bramble and I set off in our jeep in about twenty-five degrees of frost one night, slipping and juddering on the frozen road, our headlights carving out of the dark a tunnel lined with tangled telephone wires, their poles askew liked crooked teeth, old tin cans, dead dogs, and a litter of trucks which had crashed, belly up, in the rice paddies.

We wore our parka-hoods tightly strung round our faces. I had a bottle of rum in the side pocket. Nevertheless it was horribly cold. There was no moon. The

wind howled in the broken telephone lines. Gradually my feet in their four pairs of socks froze and went dead. After thirty miles I stopped the jeep and got out to stamp them into life again.

'Why don't we get some straw, Bramble?' I said. 'Everybody else has it in their jeeps and it does keep your feet warm'.

'Well, I did get some', Bramble said, 'but it was all full of bugs so I left it behind. First old barn we come to, we'll go and 'ave a look'.

About two miles farther on we stopped at a decrepit, dark building, house or barn, derelict and ruined but still partly covered with grass thatch. It looked rather like a big, dirty haystack. Bramble went inside. He was there some time, and when he came out he was empty-handed. 'Look 'ere', he said, 'there is straw in there but there's some 'ink else too, there's a story'.

'Oh let's get on', I said, 'no time for stories now'.

'Well come and 'ave a look'.

Stiffly and in hate I descended from the jeep and walked into the

dark of the barn. Bramble had a torch and led the way into the back room, or division, rather, for the dividing wall was only four feet high, as in a stable. On the floor, half covered in the straw, was what I took to be the corpse of a woman. And then I saw it move.

She was a woman of about thirty, a peasant, short, very broad and muscular. She had been shot in the shoulder by a Sten, or some similar weapon, at very close range. She had bled a great deal and she was very shocked and frightened. We bound her up with my field dressing, using the water from our water bottles. We got one of our rugs out of the car and made her as warm as we could. We gave her a stiff drink of rum. Bramble began to tear down some of the boards of the hut walls to make a fire but we suddenly saw the woman, in great fear, making signs for him to be silent. We knelt down close to her while she spoke and made gestures. First she put her finger over her mouth in the way which everywhere in the world means 'keep quiet'. Then she made the motion of firing guns.

'Bramble', I said, 'put that light out. Put the jeep lights out and come back here'. When he had done so, I said: 'Stay here, I'll be back'.

I went outside into the howling wind and the absolute blackness of the night. I found the road, and keeping well into the side of it, half-way down the embankment to the rice paddy, I began to walk. It must have taken me half an hour to do the quarter-mile, and then, all at once, I came upon a house, and could see two more—the beginnings



of a village. There was not a sound but the cracking of wood and stones splitting in the frost, but there was a chink of light in the second house, and I must have taken another ten minutes squeezing myself towards the chink, and when I looked in I did not like what I saw. Five Koreans were sitting on the floor with a candle in front of them. They were armed with sub-machine guns and bandoliers of cartridges but they were not in any uniform. They wore the ordinary white garments of the peasant Korean but I noticed they had army boots on, and I suddenly realised what I was looking at: they were guerrillas.

One of the favourite and most damaging operations of the Korean guerrillas was to descend upon some village on the United Nations armies' main supply route. They would drift in after dark and take possession of the houses. The inhabitants would be knifed or shot or driven out under guard, to spend a miserable night in the snow miles from the village. The guerrillas would wait in the houses until the first big United Nations convoy came through in the morning. Often they knew precisely which convoy they were after—nearly always arms or food. The convoy would be halted by machine-gun fire at the end of the village, and as the trucks came to a stop they would be assailed by hundreds of grenades lobbed out of windows or from ditches or behind walls. Quite often the whole convoy would be finished off in five minutes. Then the guerrillas would decamp with the spoils.

I went back to Bramble. 'We'll have to make a recce', I said, 'and if I do it myself it'll take hours. You take the left side of the street, I'll do the right. Even if you haven't finished we meet here in two hours'. Then, for two hours, I crept from one chink of light to another in that very frightening village. Bramble was waiting when I got back and we made a map of the village and marked in the men we had seen, about thirty-six altogether. We made the woman understand that we wanted to know the village's name. We wrote down what she said.

'And now Bramble', I said, 'you're going back in the jeep to find the very first United Nations unit on the road. Give 'em the map and explain the situation. And here's a note from me: Tell 'em they must be here before first light or it'll be too late'.

We manhandled the jeep to face the other way. Bramble got in. Thank heaven it was downhill. I pushed him until the jeep was under way and she sailed softly down in the snow for 100 yards, 150 yards, and then, engaged in top gear, she gathered speed. In the howling wind, even I could hear nothing. Five minutes later I saw his headlights switched on over the hill top. I returned to the barn, I gave the woman some water, took some rum, and smoked behind my hands.

Bramble was gone less than two hours. He had the great good luck

to run into a signals unit, and three trucks of British troops were on their way south inside an hour. The first I knew of their arrival as I sat dangling my automatic and listening to the cracking of frost, creaking of timber, howling of wind, was a light, pleasant voice which said: 'Don't shoot. I'm going to turn a light on', and in the yellow flash of light there was a youthful officer. 'You've no more information?' 'No', I said. 'O.K. I'll send the doctor in. Don't show any light, though'.

Outside I could just hear the faint clinking of helmets and rifle slings. That was all. Twenty minutes of moaning wind and then the first grenade went off, and then about another twenty went off close together; then some desultory shooting. They made our hut the first-aid post and the field-dressing station. Eighteen of the guerrillas were dead. One Scotsman had lost the first joint of his finger. There were two civilian casualties and nine guerrillas seriously wounded. The woman, the doctor said, would recover: he would take her to his field hospital.

I saw the young officer. 'You know', I said. 'This was all due to Bramble. I shall be putting in an official report, but it would be nice if you said a kind word or two to Bramble; it's all his own work'.

A little later, while we were sitting in the jeep, the officer came over and said: 'That was very good work, Bramble. I'll see your commanding officer hears about it. We can put you up for the night if you like and send the correspondent on with another driver. Or we can put you up, too, if you like', he said to me.

Nothing would have pleased me better, but Bramble said, 'Oh no sir, it's very good of you, sir, but we got to file our story. Can't wait, sir, probably get another couple of stories tonight, like this one, me and Mr. Catfoot. We 'ave to keep movin', sir. I'm sorry'.

He suddenly put his foot on the throttle, his hand on the horn, and screamed up the offside of the convoy to be waved to a stop by another officer, a very angry one. 'What the devil are you doing?' 'War correspondent', said Bramble, 'stop press, urgent, sir'. The officer looked at me. 'Is your driver barmy?' he asked. 'Yes', I said, 'yes'. 'Well, hold him in check for a minute, old boy, while we get sorted out'.

'You didn't ought to have passed that remark about my bein' barmy, Mr. Catfoot', said Bramble, when at last we were sailing on the open road through the blistering night. 'urt my feelings, that 'as. Blimey, I do what I can for yer. It's up to you to get me past these perishin' officers. 'Old yer 'ead up a bit. Throw yer weight about a bit. Remember oo you are: war correspondent. Here, I got a typewriter for you in the back, for you to write this story on. Whipped it out the Signals Office, told 'em oo it was for, "requisitioned", I said. Now I'm going to get you to Taegu in about a level two hours and an 'alf. So 'old on'.

—Light Programme

The Fountain

Once more it is a day

For ever. In the empty square
Morning puts up a fountain for
Election to the light.
I am always surprised by fountains,
By their bland assumption that air is still
Deserving of them, that it will roundly
Uphold them like ropés. To have such high hopes
Of heaven argues pin-upness of sorts,
A hang-god belief in hooks or *hágos*. Yet
They are dryly let down. I have seen it done;
I have seen a whole huff of hair-fine individuals
Carried away scare-high on a waft of fun
To a rough drop, windjammed into one.
True water always wants away, wants
To run, is worldly wide. It knows
The nerve of the land as smoke knows
The swerve of air, is seldom taken in
By lies or leniency.
Of course a river has its reveries;
It may pretend to boggle at a drop,
May pool its looks and stop, but not for long.
Even canals, however sunk in thought,
Have somewhere effluence. But fountains, no!
Fountains are for show, and are not
Above repeating themselves. They go
To endless roundabouts to stand and gloat,
Fixed as a cliché in the stony throat
Of some oracular square. You'd swear they were

Pleased with the business of just being there.
Fountains, like conifers (that sneeze of needles
With noses in the air) are sticklers for
Formality. Summit and symmetry
Are what they want. Give them a dotted line
To toe they do it on their heads
And never turn a hair. They were not meant
To tint the wind with wonder or with wildness.
Their wits were never wandering ones like water.
Their sin is sameness and their stint is stone.
I'd rather have the fickle run of things
Like rivers any day. Stone is static,
Is pat. Water alone is love, all else
Is law and fixity. Still,
For us whose sin is to have no centre,
Who have twelve every ways for one thing,
This pensive fountain in the empty square
Is our best summing-up, a sign
Of godlike self-possession and belonging
That we raise against these scattering days
Of endless means and meaningless ends.
In a stone bowl
Life stays.
Clamatory as a gong
With its collateral rings of calm
Each congregated fountain roundly says
'I Am'. That is the heart of the matter.
All else is water.

W. R. RODGERS

Art

The Court Style of Tiepolo

By MICHAEL KITSON

ONE reflection of the international character of the *Ancien Régime* was undoubtedly the widespread admiration for Venice and in particular for the art of Giambattista Tiepolo: and, conversely, we may say that in any assessment of the *quality* of eighteenth-century aristocratic culture in Europe, the greatness of Tiepolo's art is among the evidence to be taken into account. To affirm this is to indicate not so much that Tiepolo's style was more than just a court style, but rather that we mean something more in this instance by a 'court style' than we should if we were applying the phrase to a present-day artist. Of course, Tiepolo possessed all the obvious accomplishments of a court painter; that is to say, those which have a familiar appeal even in an age which no longer shares the culture they embody. He was a master of the grand manner; dazzling in colour, fluent in drawing, endlessly fertile in invention; a cornucopia of all the talents. It is equally true that what is permanent in his art is inseparable from his exploitation of these accomplishments. But the significant factor, that which makes for permanence and at the same time differentiates his age from ours, is the range and depth of experience, including religious experience, which his particular court style was capable of assimilating. It was a narrower range than that which was given expression by his far greater predecessors, Titian and Veronese, but part of his strength—and part of his good fortune—was due to the direct example of these two artists; direct, because there was almost no Venetian painting of the seventeenth century to intervene.

When we turn from the matter of Tiepolo's art to its manner—to the working of his style in practice—we come up against a more elusive problem. The difficulty is to discover precisely how he gets his effects, how it is that he succeeds in making the kind of artifice he uses acceptable. Somehow, and in this he is not unlike Velasquez, he gives the illusion of depending to an exceptional degree on the intrinsic qualities of paint to do his work for him. The brush-stroke, the splash of red or green, do not seem to be 'functional' in the ordinary sense; they do not seem to act as the correlative of a specific form or feeling; they seem rather to be liberated from these considerations and to perform some luminous, airy ritual of their own. And yet no artist was more intensely alive to physical sensation: the brush-stroke vividly suggests, though it does not define, an eyelid, a lip, or a bracelet; the splash of red is a visual sign for a cloak, the green for a tree. Part of the explanation may be that Tiepolo is not, of course, representing reality, even in an idealised form, but a world already at a remove from reality in the direction of the theatre. His figures are always 'actors in the part of' and his paint is half way to being grease-paint.

His artifice in fact conceals art of a more traditional kind. Neither

the free and decorative nor the representational effects of his brush-work would have been possible without a marvellous technique, an ability to create a pattern of colour, tone, and texture which, though quite unnaturalistic, convinces the eye of its artistic truth. His apparently exaggerated contrasts are simply the result of omitting the transitions: in the same way, the unity of his most far-flung ceiling frescoes is assured by his control of the curving structure implicitly underlying the composition. It is a shifting structure, it is not even actually *there*, but its part in the creative process is essential and the spatial intervals which it leaves are as exact and elegantly measured as the musical intervals in an eighteenth-century aria.

Tiepolo employs not only a shifting structure but also a shifting viewpoint, so that the painting is always in focus whether one stands far away or close to. (He would be the perfect subject for a 'documentary' film.) And he allows for the narrowing of one's field of vision as one approaches. Thus the dog in Cleopatra's lap in the great picture from Melbourne seemed at last year's Royal Academy exhibition to substitute on a small scale for the whole composition which one had previously seen from across the gallery.

These are characteristics of the Baroque, though admittedly 'Baroque' is a term which covers a number of historical sub-divisions. Signor Antonio Morassi, in a new book on Tiepolo*, restricts it to mean only the seventeenth-century tradition, to which the young Tiepolo belonged through his debt to Crespi and Piazzetta. This is certainly a way of marking off his early style, with its emotive use of dark shadows, from his mature style, which is flooded with light. But Baroque principles of figure and space composition surely remain as a basis of his work throughout, and to call the mature Tiepolo 'classic', in however special a sense, seems curious with-

out fuller reasoning than Signor Morassi permits himself. He confesses, however, to having found difficulty in deciding how to deal with the formidable bulk of Tiepolo's *oeuvre*, and in filling the need for a new full-length study, he felt that his primary task was to establish a canon of authentic works. He has provided a copious narrative of Tiepolo's development in this volume, which is intended to be complete in itself as a general survey of selected paintings, and which will be supplemented by a second volume containing a *catalogue raisonné*. In the event this arrangement is not altogether happy. One wishes that the text—valiantly translated by Mr. and Mrs. Peter Murray—had been more selective and that some of the material had been put into the 'Notes on the Plates', which are far too short. But the plates themselves serve the purpose of this volume admirably: they give exactly the intended concise impression of Tiepolo's achievement: they are both well chosen and excellent on their own account.



Detail of the fresco by Tiepolo on the ceiling of the staircase at the Residenz, Würzburg

Letters to the Editor

Progress and Prosperity in Malaya

Sir,—Mr. J. B. Perry Robinson's brief reference to the origin of the plantation rubber industry in Malaya was so completely erroneous that a brief statement of the facts is desirable. The original rubber seeds were sent from Brazil at the request of the Government of India, on the advice of Sir Joseph Hooker, then Director of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew. The seeds were planted at Kew, and the resulting seedlings sent mainly to Ceylon for experimental planting. In 1877 twenty-two of the seedlings were sent to the Botanic Gardens, Singapore, and nine of these were given to Sir Hugh Low, then Resident of Perak, who planted them at Kuala Kangsar. In due course the Singapore trees fruited, and seeds were planted to raise more trees.

In 1888 Mr. H. N. Ridley went to Singapore as Director of the Botanic Gardens, and in the succeeding years (among many other activities) continued to propagate the rubber trees, and carried out experimental tapping. He believed in the future importance of Para Rubber as a crop in Malaya, but at first few people shared his opinion. When the planting of rubber estates did begin, Mr. Ridley was ready with a supply of seeds, and also information about tapping methods. Low's trees at Kuala Kangsar provided seeds for some estates in the northern part of Malaya, but the main source of rubber seeds in the early planting boom was Singapore. Mr. Ridley was the virtual founder of the plantation rubber industry. He is still alive, in his hundredth year, living at Kew.—Yours, etc.,

Richmond, Surrey R. E. HOLTUM
Director, Botanic Gardens,
Singapore, 1925-1949

Sir,—It is to be hoped that Mr. J. B. Perry Robinson's official history of Malaya will be more accurate than his talk on 'Progress and Prosperity in Malaya' printed in THE LISTENER of July 28. The briefest reference to such standard authorities as Swettenham, Winstedt, or Lennox Mills would have informed him that the initial prosperity of Malaya was not 'founded on rubber and built up by tin'. It was the other way round. Rubber remained an experimental crop for quite twenty years after the first seedlings were planted in the eighteen-seventies. In 1905, thirty years after the British entry into the States, Malaya was exporting a mere 200 tons of rubber. At that time the country already accounted for about fifty-five per cent. of world tin output. Right up until the first great rubber boom in the years immediately preceding the first world war, the prosperity and progress of the Malay States had been achieved almost wholly by Chinese mining enterprise.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford F. G. CARNELL

Australia and Indonesia

Sir,—I have read the transcript of Mr. Sawyer's talk on 'Australia and Indonesia' in THE LISTENER of July 21 with some interest and should like to make the following observations.

Mr. Sawyer blithely stated that the Indonesian claim to West Irian (West New Guinea) had never been clearly defined and even affected to discern conflicting viewpoints among Indonesians on the question. I should like to remind him that up to 1949 no problem existed as to the future of this part of Indonesia. Under the various agreements concluded between the

Republic of Indonesia and the Dutch Government prior to that time West Irian was recognised as an integral part of Indonesia.

Not until the 1949 Round Table Conference in The Hague, which preceded the formal transfer of sovereignty, did the Dutch try to sever West Irian from the rest of Indonesia and thereby create an 'Irian problem'. A compromise was finally formulated and accepted—thus bringing the Round Table Conference satisfactorily to an end—by which the Dutch agreed that they would 'unconditionally and irrevocably transfer complete sovereignty over Indonesia' to the Republic of the United States of Indonesia and that, with regard to West Irian, the *status quo* should be maintained

with the stipulation that within one year from the date of transfer of sovereignty to the Republic of the United States of Indonesia, the question of the political status of West Irian shall be determined through negotiations between the Republic of the United States of Indonesia and the Kingdom of the Netherlands.

The developments since that time are widely known. Negotiations broke down, and in 1953 the Dutch Government intimated that it saw 'no reason for holding discussions' on this problem. During last year's United Nations General Assembly session the matter was raised by the Indonesian delegation, but the moderate resolution calling for a resumption of negotiations between Indonesia and Holland was unfortunately rejected.

Indonesia's claim is a national one. It is supported by all political parties and has been a part of governmental policy from 1950 onwards.

The speaker tended to accentuate the different racial characteristics in West Irian and other parts of Indonesia. But to base nationality on objective factors like race implies a return to primitive tribalism. In modern times it has been the power of an idea, not the call of blood, that has constituted and moulded nationalism. Indonesia is based on the existence within one state of different groups comprising one nationality; ethnic, cultural, or linguistic differences do not undermine the basic concept of nationality.

Mr. Sawyer concluded by attempting to analyse the present situation in Indonesia. Admitting the difficulties Indonesia had to cope with, 'the administrative and technical inexperience of the people and the ravages of war', he expresses the opinion that Indonesia would be wise to discontinue its claim on West Irian as it cannot 'spare the talent necessary for governing a backward, primitive people'. I wholeheartedly agree that Indonesia has many difficulties, for only recently we have achieved independence after having gone through a four-year period of protracted negotiation and armed conflict with the Dutch. We had to start from scratch and need time to fulfil our national objectives, but the speaker falls into the error of the pre-war Dutch allegation that the Indonesian people as a whole could not rule themselves. In the event this was proved to be untrue. To give one example, hundreds of years of Dutch rule resulted in only four per cent. literacy among the Indonesian population. Ten years of independence have transformed the position so that there is now fifty-three per cent. literacy. Indonesian rule has proved so much more effective than Dutch that there can be no moral or practical justification for Indonesia to disclaim responsibility for the development of part of its territory or place part of its population in pawn.

Finally, I should like to suggest that Mr. Sawyer does some hard thinking on Indonesia's role in Australia's defence pattern. Dutch resistance to the Japanese in Indonesia was singularly ineffective because it had no popular support. A strong Indonesia, however, based on a free people defending their liberty is a much surer 'umbrella' for Australia. Likewise, West Irian constitutes a weak link in Australia's defence system, for its defence rests with a colonial army of doubtful morale, unused to the climate and out of touch with the people. West Irian unfree is a running sore in Asian affairs and a constant danger to Australia.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1 IMRAD IDRIS
Press Attaché, Embassy of the
Republic of Indonesia

Advances in Printing

Sir,—I am glad to be able to assure Mr. Herbert Jones that I did not intend to imply that the teaching of craft skills is no longer necessary. On the contrary: it is one of my firmest convictions that craft skills—in my own trade of journalism as in every other—must be thoroughly learned if we are to keep our standards, and, what is perhaps even more important, our satisfaction in work.

The point I was trying to make in talking of the printing exhibition was that those who would master the printer's art must now add to their study of the traditional crafts at least a working knowledge of some of the applications of science to printing. 'Many of them [I said] will have to be scientists as well'. (Not 'instead', but 'as well'.)

In holding to that view I do not quarrel with Mr. Jones' assertion that 'new methods may bring new skills into existence, but they do not necessarily produce better work or make better or happier workmen'. That, surely, is the whole challenge of the machine age. I think industry is awakening to that challenge; witness, for instance, the recent conference on automation, and next year's conference on the human problems of industrial communities, under the leadership of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1 BERTRAM MYCOCK

'Music from the Castle'

Sir,—The urn to which Dr. Johnson took exception was not set up at Chirk, but at Gwynnynog near Denbigh, in the park of Col. John Myddelton, who was of the same stock as the Chirk family.

Dr. Johnson and the Thrales stayed at Gwynnynog for a week and he advised Col. Myddelton on alterations he was making to his house. According to the *Gentleman's Magazine*:

The first day was employed in surveying of the Colonel's domain, and in completing a plan for the building of a principal drawing room to be attached to the mansion the architectural proportions and ornaments of which were devised by the Doctor, the room was afterwards built by the Colonel in strict conformity to the plan.

Yours, etc.,

Criccieth W. J. HEMP

Sir Walter Raleigh

Sir,—Parkinson's *Herbal* (1632) depicts 'potatoes of Virginia' which are clearly our common potato. Gerard's *Herbal* of 1633 also shows 'Virginian potatoes'.—Yours, etc.,

Fordingbridge H. J. W. EDWARDES



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The Listener's Book Chronicle

Britain Between the Wars. By Charles Loch Mowat. Methuen. 30s.

MR. MOWAT of Chicago University has written an excellent book on British history from 1918 to 1940. It is the only detailed survey so far published. It should fill a gap in university teaching and provide a sound base on which other historians can build and expand. The story divides itself naturally into three parts: the first concerns settling down after 'the Great War'. Lloyd George's Coalition, destroyed by angry Tories, was succeeded by three short-lived governments manned on the whole by second-rate figures. The second period runs from the General Strike to the Great Depression when hand-to-mouth economics and finance failed to prevent the wrath to come. The last period begins with the formation of the so-called National Government which gradually and reluctantly became absorbed in foreign policy and rearmament, to discover that rearmament helped to solve the unemployment problem. On the whole, it is an illuminating but terrifying chronicle of order, counter-order, disorder.

David Lloyd George had at his command a striking Cabinet of all the talents—Curzon, Bonar Law, Birkenhead, Austen Chamberlain, Winston Churchill, and Balfour. The Treaty of Versailles was framed, the Irish rebellion apparently settled, the wave of post-war strikes overcome, new social services, including a housing programme and an unemployment insurance act, introduced. But Lloyd George was sacrificed on the altar of party politics; he was condemned by his adversaries as a dangerous man who interfered with the running of the Foreign Office and brought us to the verge of a new war. Bonar Law was pressed in to rescue the country from his mercurial ex-colleague and when he died of cancer, Stanley Baldwin, the quiet, respected and incorrigibly lazy party leader of the inter-war age, emerged to be cheered at times as a hero but in the end to become half-forgotten and then much maligned. And in 1923 Baldwin's *alter ego*, Ramsay MacDonald, led the first Labour Government to power with his triumvirate of Snowden, Thomas, and Henderson: Snowden was to reveal himself as a doctrinaire of public finance and Henderson as a doctrinaire of disarmament, while Thomas finally took on a task that was too big for him. So it was back to Baldwin and the tragedy of the General Strike, then back to MacDonald and the tragedy of two million unemployed; then, surprisingly, back to both Baldwin and MacDonald together until MacDonald's incoherencies ceased for ever and Baldwin retired, and Neville Chamberlain was left upholding the tattered banner of the National Government.

Mr. Mowat discusses sensibly and at times almost movingly the central domestic difficulties of the period, particularly the question of unemployment. Making good use of the social surveys, he describes with particular skill this grim feature of the inter-war years. In a book of this kind a certain amount of selection has to be done. Little space is devoted to literature and the arts and, except in the last phase, comparatively small attention is paid to foreign policy. The author does not miss much in the way of printed authorities, but one gains the impression that he sometimes relies on secondary authorities like Sir Harold Nicolson or Sir Lewis Namier in preference to the British documents on foreign policy. But his knowledge of economic statistics is impressive.

In dealing with the later period Mr. Mowat

had necessarily to absorb a vast quantity of the pamphlet and other literature which was published by the political extremists of the time. On the whole, he is to be congratulated on not being overpowered by it. But the truth is that so many of the accounts of what was happening or supposed to be happening, both in the field of industrial relations and of foreign policy, has been coloured pink by Left Book Club authors and their friends, that it is difficult for an impartial historical account yet to be written. But Mr. Mowat makes several sound points. He shows, for example, that the Munich agreement was a great deal more popular at the time than many people pretended afterwards; he also notes how many who were brave afterwards about Spain, for example, were not anxious to fight Italy in 1935. Being wise after the event is a habit not confined to historians.

One other remark may be added about sources. It is possible that a careful study of the daily press would have thrown light on a number of obscure questions. *The Spectator* is frequently quoted, but how far it was representative of any specific type of opinion may be open to question. So is the *History of The Times*. But what of *The Manchester Guardian*, *The Morning Post*, or *The Yorkshire Post*? A careful and intelligent reading of these newspapers might have been helpful. Many political secrets are in print if one knows where to look for them. On the whole, Mr. Mowat has looked in the right places.

The Life of Lord Nuffield. By P. W. S. Andrews and Elizabeth Brunner. Blackwell. 25s.

In some way that is not made clear Mr. Andrews and Miss Brunner are associated with Nuffield College. They had the active co-operation of Lord Nuffield in writing his biography as well as that of many of the employees of the British Motor Corporation. A biographer can be helped too much by a living subject and his friends. As in this case the sharp edge of objectivity tends to be blurred by unwillingness to say anything which might wound. Lord Nuffield is evidently a more interesting character than the one presented in this official life. It is fascinating, for instance, that a man of such vast ability and enormous wealth should be so petty. In 1913 he had a quarrel with the Oxford City Council who refused him a licence to operate a motor-bus service because they had given a monopoly of passenger transport to a firm of horse trams. Mr. Morris, as he was then, ingeniously defeated the legal ban against collecting fares on his buses by issuing coupons similar to bus tickets which had to be bought before the journey. In the end Mr. Morris won, but he never forgave the City Council. Long afterwards he twice refused the freedom of the city and only condescended to accept it in 1951—thirty-eight years after the quarrel—when the last member who had been connected with the dispute had left the Council. Here is a clue to one part of Lord Nuffield's character which is glossed over by the respectful biographers. However, the facts of Lord Nuffield's life are such an amazing record of single, if not narrow, minded purpose that the book is valuable for its material although it is made difficult to read by a flat, empty style.

Lord Nuffield did not start from nothing but from very little. He did not leave school until fifteen which was a late age for most boys of his background and time. From then on he was a self-taught engineer. Apart from his skill with

machines his principal asset was unshakable self-confidence. In 1904, when he was twenty-seven, the first motor-car business with which he was concerned went bankrupt. All the assets he had carefully built up in the twelve years before disappeared except for his personal kit of tools. He began again without any sense of having failed. Unrelenting attention to detail enabled him to create a new garage and at last in 1912 the first Morris Oxford. From then on, the business snowballed.

Nothing else has interested Lord Nuffield in his life except deck tennis and giving away money. The bleak side of Lord Nuffield is the nuts and bolts which to him are sacred. The agreeable side is his enthusiasm for doing good. Even in this he has been thoroughly organised. Brought up in Oxford, he has helped the university lavishly—to the extent of £4,000,000. Anxious as a boy to be a surgeon, but without the money for medical studies, he has founded trusts worth millions of pounds for medical schools and hospitals. In all he has distributed £27,000,000 on a systematised basis. Each project has been elaborately studied and safeguarded against future abuse. Lord Nuffield in the days of heavy taxation is a phenomenon unlikely to be reproduced. It is a pity that his biographers have not given a better explanation of how he happened and of his effect on those who worked with him.

Modern Historians and the Study of History. By F. M. Powicke. Odhams. 16s.

The purpose of this collection of essays is, to quote Sir Maurice Powicke's preface, to 'reflect some of the influences which have given life and direction to historical activities, particularly in England, during the last sixty or seventy years'. Needless to say the emphasis is on medieval studies and even within this field the essays, written over a period of thirty-five years and for a variety of purposes, do not lay claim to any comprehensiveness. Nevertheless from them emerges an impressive picture of the methods and achievements of English medieval historical scholarship in what may perhaps not inaptly be termed the age of Tout and Powicke.

The majority of the essays here reprinted are notices of the deaths of distinguished historians. They are models of their kind. The assessments remain as valid today as at the time of their writing; the emotion of the hour is never allowed to unseat the historical temper and judgement. But at the same time the man in the historian is always revealed—Vinogradoff, 'like a great liner amidst all the bustle and hurry of the shipping', Coulton, 'at home with the best things, never petty, never bored, and a great gentleman'. These are essays as charming as they are perceptive, as much *belles-lettres* as they are contributions to historiography; and therefore as full of appeal to the general reader as they must be to the professional historian.

The world of medieval scholarship which Sir Maurice portrays was dominated by two schools, Oxford and Manchester. Manchester was initially Oxford's colony, but soon achieved at least dominion status; for if Tout was Oxford's gift to the northern university, with Powicke the debt was duly repaid. Church and State, the Royal Household and Parliament, these were the major themes of English medieval historical scholarship in the half century before the second world war. The outcome of this dedicated activity, as it emerges impressionistically

from Sir Maurice's book, is notable both in its quality and quantity: but the omissions are also significant. Economic history, alike in this volume and in English medieval studies generally, has a subordinate role. Unwin, the colleague of Tout and of Sir Maurice himself, though primarily a medievalist, founded a school of modern rather than of medieval economic history. In this field of medieval history it has been left for Cambridge and London to attempt what Oxford and Manchester have failed to achieve, but as yet the full marriage of economic and political studies has not been consummated. English medieval history still awaits its Pirenne.

It is to this theme of the 'reaction between politics and economics' that Sir Maurice directs attention in the last of these essays. This and his 1944 address to the Historical Association are full of the wisdom of experience, disarmingly provocative, continually stimulating. A brief passage—on the teaching of history—may serve as illustration:

The greatest social virtue, it has been said, is consideration for others; and I should try so to staff, equip and manage my school that the hours of leisure could be passed in a spirit of mutual trust. Leisure and compulsion are incompatible. This also seems to be to be common sense. An interest in history is one of nature's gifts, capable of infinite growth. If it begins in joy, it will end, not in tears, but in sweat. It cannot be injected. I should never force a boy to learn history.

This, perfectionist as it may seem in its counsel, springs from the experience of one who has known the joy and the sweat in fullest measure.

Self Portrait of Youth

By G. W. Jordan and E. M. Fisher.
Heinemann. 12s. 6d.

The authors of this book run a 'recreational evening institute' in London, called 'the Grosvenor'. It is attended by boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one, and they are provided with what is described as 'informal education'. The aim of the writers is to try to accommodate the rough as well as the respectable, but how is this to be done, they ask, if one does not know their tastes, their interests, their attitudes towards well-meaning adults, and the standards of prestige to which they are committed? To obtain this information they got a 'brains trust' going in which problems of sex, violence, ridicule, gang-life and so on were frankly discussed. They also turned the members of the 'brains trust' into social scientists, and sent them off on interviewing expeditions. The results of these discussions and investigations are well worth reading. They make a valuable contribution to the study of urban adolescence in our culture. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the experiment is the detached interest in their own problems and those of other people that can be aroused in young persons from whom one would least expect a scientific approach. Quite apart from the value of the information produced by their methods, the authors have undoubtedly discovered a significant educational technique.

The Film and the Public

By Roger Manvell.

Penguin Books. 3s. 6d.

King of Comedy. By Mack Sennett.

Peter Davies. 15s.

There is far less difference between the content of Mr. Manvell's erudite study of film history and Mr. Sennett's racily told memoirs, than might be supposed. And the reader who rejects the latter book in the belief that it may be a

little outside his sphere of interest, is mistaken. In the section of his book devoted to the earliest achievements of cinema, Mr. Manvell, writing of the pioneer directors, pays his tribute to Mr. Sennett. His view of the film as an art medium is naturally based upon the masterpieces of the screen that he has watched during his distinguished career as a critic. But the added interest of Mr. Sennett's book is derived from his day-to-day account of how some of those masterpieces were actually created in the studio. So that the somewhat delicate question of whether the cinema deserves to be called an art-form, or merely an industry whose survival is entirely dependent upon the appeal it has for a comparatively limited intelligence, is better answered after a careful consideration of the claims made by both writers.

A theme to which Mr. Sennett frequently returns is the earnest approach of certain critics to the Keystone Cops and pie-throwing clowns he made world-famous. He cites a French author of repute who wrote a book about him and his work claiming that his actors were poetic creators of myths and symbols who conceived the universe in its totality and translated it in terms of motion pictures. To which his retort is 'My!' He adds: 'If someone had pointed out that our sequences of leaping cops and fleeing comedians were an art form derived from the classical ballet, we'd have hooted like crazy and thrown a pie at him. I never saw a ballet'.

Yet in the light of retrospect it seems probable that Mr. Sennett's humble comedies came nearer to creative art than he knew. Their antics are as alive and laughter-provoking today as ever they were. Whereas the much praised melodramas that D. W. Griffith (Sennett's teacher) directed, have become hopelessly outdated (with few exceptions) and cause laughter where none was intended. A film like 'Tillie's Punctured Romance' is still acceptable on its own merits; but 'Way Down East' is no more than a museum piece. Chaplin made his reputation in the former film, and what Sennett has to say of the great comedian's first tentative efforts before the camera, is instructive and fascinating.

On the trend of the cinema generally, Mr. Manvell proves himself to be just about the best film critic we have. He not only writes well, but has—what many of his colleagues lack—a great deal of down-to-earth common sense. One feels that fundamentally he and Mr. Sennett would not be ill at ease in each other's company.

Inspiration and Poetry. By C. M. Bowra.

Macmillan. 21s.

Poetry is so rooted in the local usage of a language, that all attempts to transplant it are futile; and yet nothing is more exasperating than the sense that we are missing the delights of a foreign poetry. We may know enough French or German, Latin or Greek, to get an idea of what the poetry may be like; and that gives us confidence to talk about the poet. All the languages mentioned have roots in common, and a little of the sap may be carried into the English branch. But what of Russian or Hungarian, Chinese or Georgian (Sir Maurice Bowra recommends Shot'ha Rust'hlevi)?

O Sun, to thee, I pray, thou mightiest of the mighty mights, who exaltest the humble, givest sovereignty, happiness; part me not from my beloved, turn not my day to night!

It is difficult to believe that this is poetry in any language, but in most of the essays which Sir Maurice has assembled in this volume, the majority of readers will feel in this predicament. The method is expository: each assertion must be supported by an example. Well enough—indeed, illuminating—when the subject is Milton or Hardy; but how convincing is the method

when the props are words like 'letz, becs, balps, and mutz'? Take an example known to every well-educated schoolboy—Horace's ode beginning:

*Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus
silvae laborantes, geluque
flumina constiterint acuto.*

There may be good reasons for supposing that the Romans thought well of these lines. Sir Maurice also thinks well of them—'adventurous', 'a new liveliness through unusual combinations and figures of speech'. We may perhaps detect such qualities by comparison with the Latin of other poets—of Virgil, for example. 'Above all, his phrases give the impression that they are used for the first time and have not been dulled by habit and repetition'. A reader would have to be very familiar with Latin poetry to make such an assertion, but few people can be so familiar with the language as Sir Maurice. But he goes farther: 'Each word not only goes straight to the point, but is vivid and lively and brilliantly descriptive. *Stet* calls up the outline of the mountain as it stands solidly against the skyline; the heavy *laborantes* conveys the straining effort in the woods with their unwanted burden of snow; *acuto* is far more bold than its English counterpart and gives the sense of something that inflicts a piercing wound'.

This kind of thing can be done with any language, or with no language at all (with nonsense words); but it has nothing to do with poetry, and it is open to anyone to disagree. *Stet* to another reader might seem a mimsy word to describe a mountain standing solidly against the skyline; and what *laborantes* conveys is surely influenced by what our own word 'labouring' means. To find a difference between *acuto* and 'acute' is surely supererogatory; and if anything the two-syllabled English word might seem to be more 'piercing' than the three-syllabled Latin word.

We are not disputing that Horace's lines are poetic; but we can only appreciate the poetry of a dead language by analogy; and even in the case of a living language, unless we are genuinely bilingual (a rare condition), we have about the same relation to the poetry of that language as we have to a lark's song. We can appreciate it musically, and understand its intention; but the poetry, which is a magical bloom on the words and an electric discharge between the words, and a resonance of the whole poem in a complex association of race and landscape, history and sentiment, is forever incommunicable.

These considerations do not invalidate the whole of Sir Maurice Bowra's criticism. Apart from the essays on English poets, which give us a true measure of the author's deep sensibility and judicious intelligence, there is an opening essay (that lends its title to the volume) which treats an old problem with new insight; and even in the essays on poets from Nicaragua (Rubén Darío) or Georgia, Portugal (Gil Vicente) or Provence (Arnaut Daniel), Russia (Pushkin and Lermontov) and Germany (Hölderlin), there are generalisations of great interest and always much useful information conveyed with satisfying dignity.

China and the Cold War

By Michael Lindsay.

Cambridge, for Melbourne University Press. 21s.

Not so many years ago there were some who regarded Michael Lindsay, now Lord Lindsay of Birker, as at least a 'fellow-traveller' if not an actual communist. This belief did not bear close inspection, but it arose from his openly expressed admiration and sympathy for the

Chinese communists, with whom he had had close war-time associations. His liking and respect for many of his war-time comrades remain and it is more in sorrow than in anger that he now feels obliged to criticise their behaviour since they came into power. In this book, therefore, he examines the reasons for the deterioration which, he considers, began to set in in the summer of 1946. From this detailed survey he draws the deduction that the bad behaviour of which he complains has been due to irrationality rather than to bad faith.

This may be but poor satisfaction for those who have suffered from it; but if, as he contends, the Chinese Communist Party is rather more rational than most communist bodies, it does, he feels, hold out hope that China's present rulers may, in the long run, prove more realistic and less doctrinaire than most communists in the realm of foreign affairs. Much will, of course, depend on the attitude adopted by the Western Powers, especially America, on such matters as Peking's admission to the United Nations, the question of Formosa, and the embargo on exports. America's policy in these and other respects is regarded by the author as being just as irrational and harmful as Peking's prolonged rebuffing of British recognition, the rudeness and folly displayed by Liu Ning-Yi on his mission to England in 1950, China's intransigence on Korea, and the unwarranted violence of her anti-American campaign. If, however, the United States could be persuaded to cease blocking legitimate Chinese aspirations—a policy which merely tends to increase Peking's dependence on Moscow—the author considers that a considerable easing of the present tension would result.

While he does not go so far as to suggest that Mao may become a second Tito, he gives reasons for believing that such a possibility did exist in 1946 and he recalls how even such an ardent anti-communist as Freda Utey considered that the Chinese communists might have wanted to break with the Soviet Union at that time. He recalls, too, that Mao himself was at one time denounced by *Imprecor*, the Comintern organ, for holding heretical views and he quotes a number of Mao's slogans as examples of his having a far more rational and independent outlook than most communist leaders.

In the main body of the book the author expresses pessimism over the Chinese communist refusal to have free discussions which might challenge their basic beliefs and he quotes the case of John Clews. His own visit to Peking last summer with the Labour Party delegation, recounted briefly in a postscript, has now led him, however, to take a more optimistic view. The Chinese on that occasion showed themselves ready to allow contacts and discussions with people able to explain the non-communist viewpoint. If this relaxation of the former policy continues, it should, he considers, help to remove many of the delusions responsible for communist China's behaviour. The Bandung Conference, which has been held since this book was written, would seem to add point to his argument.

The Glory of Egypt. By Samivel.

Thames and Hudson. 42s.

Life under the Pharaohs

By Leonard Cottrell. Evans. 16s.

The Glory of Egypt is primarily a picture-book. It gives us 115 large photographs, eight of them in colour, selected for the most part from the series taken by a team of French documentary film-makers under the leadership of 'M. Samivel'. As one might expect from such a series, it includes views of modern Egypt as well as of its ancient monuments, straightforward pictures of buildings or of some detail of sculpture or painting, and those distorted shots by which

the camera gives a point of view that the eye seems never to catch; and all alike are admirable. Arranged in a more or less historical sequence and chosen with much skill, the plates are not only pleasing to the eye but, since they are by no means the stereotyped pictures reproduced in so many books, of real value to the student of archaeology and of art. 'M. Samivel' supplies an introductory essay and notes on the photographs, and interspersed between the latter there are translations from original Egyptian texts. The translations keep reasonably close to the original and make good reading. The notes are brief and factual. The essay must be regarded as literature rather than a contribution to science; 'M. Samivel' is an enthusiast for Egyptian art and is eloquent in his expression of that enthusiasm; his own judgements and theories are not likely to commend themselves to scholars. But it is an excellent picture-book.

Mr. Cottrell also gives us over fifty well-chosen pictures, but they are chosen to illustrate his text. His book (for this is a book, not an album) deals with the daily life of the Egyptian; his period is the eighteenth dynasty, the reign of Tuthmosis III, and the hero of his story is Pharaoh's vizier, Rekhmire. Mr. Cottrell is not at all afraid of archaeological detail and he quotes at length from Egyptian texts, but he also enlivens what is a perfectly serious study by chapters in which he treats the vizier and his family as a group of individuals 'set in motion against their native surroundings', and, to a very large extent, he achieves this by translating into his own words the sculptured reliefs that adorn Rekhmire's tomb. The result is a book which is really alive and genuinely informative. The author disclaims any right to call himself an archaeologist, but he has read much and makes good use of his authorities—it would not be easy to point to any definite error in his descriptions—and he wears his learning lightly. There have been other books on 'Life in Ancient Egypt' which are more comprehensive than this, but they were intended for the specialist and had little further appeal. Mr. Cottrell's work is one that the specialist cannot disregard, but anybody can read it with interest and with pleasure.

The Life and Work of James Gibbs

By Bryan Little. Batsford. 25s.

The man who designed, among other things, the Radcliffe at Oxford, St. Mary-le-Strand, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, the Cambridge Senate House and the Fellows' Building at King's was no mean architect. Yet it is not very easy to place James Gibbs (1682-1754) in the architectural hierarchy. Internationally he is merely one of the many, unknown beyond the Alps, who helped to enliven the baroque skyline of such little North Sea ports as, say, London or Amsterdam. In the insular scene Gibbs also occupies a peculiar and even anomalous position, a rather awkward position between, on the one hand, the old guard of the great baroque days—for one can hardly place him with Wren or Vanbrugh—and, on the other hand, the young *protégés* of Lord Burlington, with whom he consorted but to whom he never belonged.

This peculiar position did not rest solely upon his merits or demerits as an architect. As much nonsense as sense has been talked about the great days of 'patronage' and 'taste'; they were also days of unbridled intrigue, toadying and corruption. James Gibbs, son of an Aberdonian gentleman, was a Roman Catholic, a High Tory and—when he was not trimming—an out-and-out Jacobite. His patrons, therefore, were Tory patrons, not Whig patrons. Politics and architecture have seldom been so inextricably mixed, and it was to the Earl of Mar, to

the great Harleian connection—involving the whole Marylebone Estate—and to the predominantly Tory governors of Bart's and the Radcliffe, to the predominantly Tory syndics of Cambridge, that Gibbs—and English architecture—owed so much. It was Gibbs' Catholicism, moreover, that led to his youth being spent in the Pontifical Scots College in Rome, and thus to so much that is directly Roman in his work. It was there in Rome that he saw the close of one of the greatest building epochs in human history. It was there that he abandoned the priesthood for architecture.

Mr. Bryan Little, once he gets past speculation over Gibbs' obscure boyhood, tells his story well. He is not afraid, as the scholar so often is, to give that story life. He sets the scene with a few touches—the glory and squalor of seventeenth-century Rome; then, later, the gold lace, the candlelight and the dark panelling; the torment of gout and the stone as the coach dragged one over winter roads to Oxford or Cambridge. And dominating all—and still dominating all since they still exist and are still ours—Gibbs' Building on the Backs, lying so serenely and, somehow, so appropriately alongside the Chapel at King's; or Gibbs' 'fair daughter in the Strand'; or the great rotundities of the Radcliffe setting off the intricacies of St. Mary's; or, finally, the masculine proportions, the baroque quirks of the St. Martin's steeple, crowning the noblest portico in London.

Gibbs is after all, at least for us, a big figure in his own way. The scene would be far poorer without him. At the end of this book one loves him a little less, his architecture a little more. We must be grateful to Mr. Little for telling the story virtually for the first time and, on the whole, for telling it well.

Mars in Capricorn. By Beverley Cross.

Hart-Davis. 10s. 6d.

We Die Alone. By David Howarth.

Collins. 15s.

Young Mr. Cross in peace sought the occasion of courage that in war was thrust on Baalsrud, the Norwegian commando whose story Mr. Howarth tells. But their paths, though different, led towards the same still centre. Romantic, dissatisfied with the prospects of a white collar in London and with the experience of working in a Paris factory, Mr. Cross got shipped as ordinary seaman on the Norwegian M.S. *Walder*, a close cousin if not sister to B. Traven's *Death Ship*. The voyage took him to the dark mother, Africa, and like Graham Greene's *Journey without Maps* proved more a discovery of the author's than the African interior. One by one, his heroes betrayed him; worst of all he himself when he became his own hero. But by the time that he returned to Europe, he had found, thanks to a murder as beastly as it was futile, that belief in God was securer than any hero-worship. And only in the description of that moment of revelation does the author's romanticism descend to sentimentality.

Mr. Howarth's 'epic of escape and endurance' suffers slightly from the narrator's journeyman prose. But the story, reconstructed with care for truth, is in itself so powerful and simple that it carries one away. Wounded in the toe as he scrambled ashore in northern Norway, Baalsrud tried to make his way across three islands to the mainland and then to the Swedish frontier in the depth of winter. The farther he went, the weaker he became until he was a helpless, stinking near-cadaver, whose salvation was a challenge to the Norwegian Underground. That he survived with the loss merely of nine toes was due to a succession of miracles, wrought not by divine intervention but by the faith which climbs mountains.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

The Last Blast?

NOT FOR SOME TIME, it appears, is television likely to give way to earth satellites as one of the determinants of this unprecedented age. Meanwhile, as a vehicle of the modern spirit its broadest general effect is to quicken our awareness of the present. Is it developing an exceptional power of alienating us from the continuity of human experience, of affirming the unimportance of the past? That idea might become dangerously attractive to the mob, using Fielding's term for all of low mind, whatever their class or rank. Magnanimity cannot blind us to their existence.

While television will not necessarily produce so ominous a result, indisputably the possibility is there. More than sound radio, it asserts its autonomy over the mind as a one-way medium of communication. It allows the viewer no shades of distraction. He must either look or not look, and as a temptation it is invidious beyond all other forms of entertainment, even when it is being portentous. The question is whether, by its profound emphasis on the contemporary, it is doing a disservice to the truths by which civilisation persists. The question is an important one and adherence to the B.B.C. Charter does not guarantee a finally satisfying answer. Television may transcend the values on which that instrument is based. Its concern with the here and now, for which it is pre-eminently designed, may be potentially harmful if not fatal to older concepts. It may encourage preoccupations of which the essence is immediacy; six-lesson art courses and do-it-yourself techniques which, while not in themselves unworthy, are another nail in the coffin of the craftsman who has served his time.

Assisting in the general entertainment and perhaps enlightenment of the epoch, it may also increase our susceptibility to the experience of which Darwin wrote so pathetically in his autobiographical notes: 'My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of a large collection of facts, but why this should have caused atrophy of that part of the brain alone, on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive'. Shakespeare, in whom he had once found delight, could provide it no more. He could no longer endure poetry, music, or pictures, all of which had been a joy to him. It meant, he said simply, a loss of happiness, 'and may possibly be injurious to the intellect'. Perhaps the moral for us viewers is that a greater responsibility

than we think rests on the Drama Department.

What, for example, short of the intolerance of switching off, is the best corrective of the effect of 'This Is Your Life'? Non-viewers may care to know that this imported American programme invites an audience to the studio and, without his or her knowing beforehand, presents a potted biography of someone present, with the help of relatives, friends, and admirers. The victim of this first experiment was Eamonn Andrews, the commentator. It demonstrated television as a menace to more than personal privacy, bad enough in itself. What is the loyalty of one's family and friends worth if they are ready to conspire in such a fashion, wholly regardless of one's feelings and tastes? Eamonn

Sometimes B.B.C. television behaves as if it has never heard of commercial programmes. That suspicion was roused by Peter Haigh's interview with Stanley Kramer, an American film producer who had with him Olivia de Havilland and Broderick Crawford as visual and verbal aids, to boosting his latest production. B.B.C. space being rarer than B.B.C. time, I do not name it here; besides, I am competently assured that it is founded on a book which is utterly devoid of merit as literature. As a talker, Stanley Kramer was a success. He has ideas and expresses them in a pleasantly modulated voice. I enjoyed listening to him. As a plug for his film, the programme was open-handedly generous: the most exacting

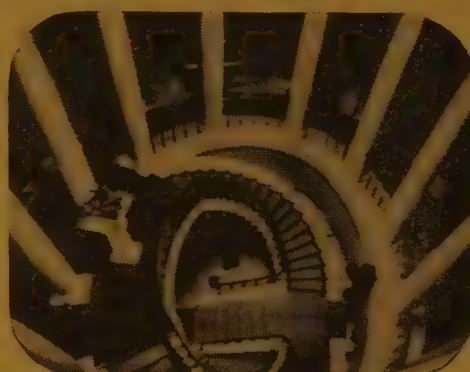
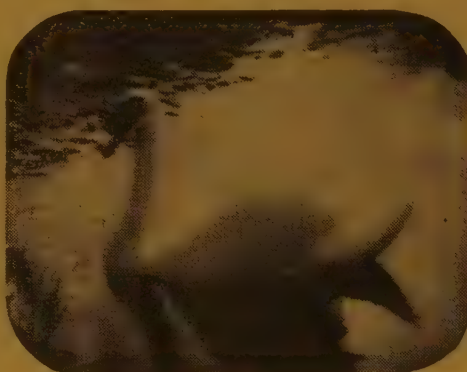
sponsor could not have expected more. It was entertaining sales talk. One wonders, how do the programme planners decide what films shall be given publicity and what not? Evidently it is part of a wooing process. For the moment it seems to be almost fatuously one-sided.

Another and slightly superior panel game made its *début*, 'Who Said That?' It seats four people, with a chairman, in front of the camera, puts a literary quotation on the screen, and requires its source to be named to a conversational accompaniment, preferably witty. The quotations were far from skillfully chosen for this opening occasion. Nor did the talk strike sparks. One of the ladies twice reminded us in a low seductive voice of her somewhat diluted consanguinity with Mrs. Beeton. Gilbert Harding, speaking out against a dramatic critic whom he deemed to be 'rude and offensive', identified himself unexpectedly in one's mind with 'The Specialist' of the best-selling little humorous book of that

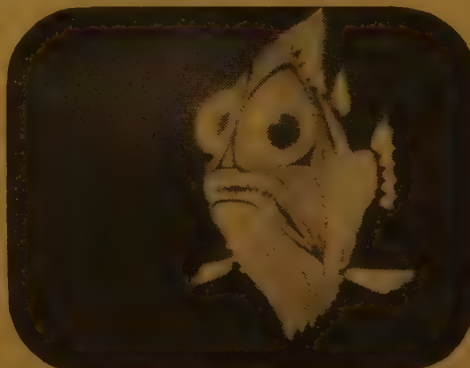
name. It was John Betjeman who gave most impetus to one's hope that this rather more intelligent of panel games will succeed.

A week which began with a speed record, Donald Campbell's on water, ended with Chris Chataway's brilliantly stealthy victory in the three-miles at the White City. For viewers the latter was the more thrilling to watch. It was a gallant gesture of Chataway's to be interviewed for us immediately afterwards. His heart action must be as perfectly tuned as *Bluebird's* engine. Showing not a sign of his superhuman effort, he stood there blinking with the slow surprise of a broody hen wondering what has been going on underneath.

Between those two kindred points of excitement we saw 'Summit Talks at Geneva', in which professional observers of the conference told us what they saw and thought; the Prime Minister talking on the same theme; racing at Alexandra Park; Test cricket; a painting



As seen by the viewer: 'Castle on a Cliff' on July 27—a swan on the lake of Culzean Castle, Ayrshire; and a view down the Adam staircase



'Disneyland' on July 28: Walt Disney, and a Disney drawing of a Silver Hatchet fish

Photographs: John Cura

Andrews faced his ordeal with engaging modesty which, however, could not charm away our embarrassments. More than once, viewers with me turned uncomfortably from the screen, only to turn back to it, fascinated. Afterwards we wondered, in talk, whether the B.B.C. had put on the programme as a subtle preface to imminent new television developments. As a follow-up, there was a diverting skit on 'commercials' in 'The Saturday Show'.

'This Is Your Life' may have been the last resounding blast required to bring down the walls of the Englishman's castle. Considering that television is helping to make ours the most self-conscious age in history, it is not surprising that privacy is a vanishing amenity. The people in the studio applauded with enthusiasm. Some of us would cheerfully raise a subscription for the first cameraman to be sacked for showing us the producer in the act of telling them to do so.

lesson by Mervyn Levy; 'Commonwealth Magazine'; 'Panorama', and 'Castle on a Cliff', which took us sightseeing on the Ayrshire coast. On Sunday night, 'Christian Forum' proved again to be worth twice its meagre allotted span of half an hour.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

The Good and the Beautiful

NOW THAT THE TIME is drawing near when we can all look forward to shooting down each other's satellites, I propose that space and science fiction should be given a holiday as the lovely reality dawns. If children of today will really be moonraking before they are much older, it is no use filling their heads and perhaps unfitting them for the task with a lot of silly invented adventure. But it is of other satellites that I would speak. This is the very last bank holiday of unalloyed, unchallenged B.B.C. authority. From prom and pier-head the merry jests are flying as of yore: e.g., 'I always put moth balls in my drawers'. 'Dear, dear, don't you find it very uncomfortable?' (Gales of laughter, like the seas under the pier.) But behind the gay mask, is there not a sobering thought that by next bank holiday, not one B.B.C. but a host of little I.T.A.-lets will be dispensing the fun?

So, without hope of being heeded, I make a revolutionary suggestion, which I believe would be to the advantage of one and all, from the £18-a-week navvy to the 45s. schoolmarm. It is simply this: that at long last the B.B.C. renounce the role of universal provider, with something for every taste, and jettisoning raucous Lyons, boring Groves, idiot parlour games, it concentrate wholly on the good and the beautiful.

It rather looked as if this were about to happen this past week, for not only did we have Anouilh, we had Rossini from Glyndebourne not in snippets but hours on end. It is true, the balance was somewhat redressed by the farce-excerpt, 'Dry Rot'. Rudolph Cartier put back the proper ending to 'Eurydice' or 'Vale of Shadows' and allowed a glimpse of the poor life-torn lovers in limbo (Jeannette Sterke and Laurence Payne). Several of the players who had given the play distinction when it was staged in London, such as Philip Stainton and Eric Pohlmann, represented the gross world of the flesh as before, and generally the performance was rated fine. But of course a 'sinister figure' (André van Gysegheem), who keeps appearing and disappearing, is less, not more, frightening on a screen, because entries and exits as such do not ever pack a similar punch.

I cannot call it my favourite Anouilh: his irony and the compassion and disgust have been more finely used in other formulae by this master man of the theatre, but I salute the B.B.C.'s boldness which puts on a play which is never likely to appeal to more than, say, 2,300,000 people.

'The Barber' from Glyndebourne is another story. Few people can resist Rossini's genial masterwork, even the tone deaf find the story quite fun (by another great French comedy maker). It was only with the advent of the long-playing record that I discovered, none the less, that Rossini by ear alone can be a considerable



'The Vale of Shadows' on July 26, with Jeannette Sterke as Eurydice and Laurence Payne as Orpheus

bore. It turns out that one has to keep an eye on the action all the time to enjoy it, which is not the recipe to employ for enjoying, say, the love duet from Wagner's 'Tristan' where one appalled peep at the monstrous pair giving tongue suffices—between bouts of resolute 'shut-eye'.

Carl Ebert's production, of course, looks much happier when one can see the pretty pastel shades of Messel's sets. It is a theatrical production, not a television one; this was modified by Ebert the younger and Mr. Craxton (who tours our eyes over the symphony orchestra at the Proms); what is more, it is aimed, one thinks, at a public which is not expecting to understand Italian words, so that when a character sings 'lo stesso' he points to himself, lest there be the slightest confusion, or when there is talk of hearing things, ears are pointed at; of walking, feet are indicated, etc., etc. It makes for restlessness, but I willingly acknow-

vised opera generally, I feel that there is a certain amount of cart-before-the-horse. It is as if producers had agreed that 'opera is all right except for the singing' and had set about making the performers try to disguise the fact that they are singing. But with a ballet, or a skating show, no idea of disguising the *pointes* or the skates would ever occur. Most people love opera just because of the singing.

I conceived it my grim duty to hang on to the end of the 'Malory Secret' (Sunday, children), but it was rather a 'pi' finale; I thought Pam, Glenda, Olive, and Carol looked, if they did not say, 'Oh golly, what a bally rotten swiz!' 'The Adventurer', by A. P. Dearsley, gave us another barber, nautical-minded this time, and pleasantly done by Frederick Peisley, with Sylvia Coleridge as first (but long-postponed) 'mate'.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Running Wild

WHAT THEY ARE ALL DOING, I cannot say. They chase each other; they are disguised; they wear masks; they weave and wander, beneath the clouded moon, through the walks of St. James's Park. Their vivacity is endless, their wit is feverish, and their names tell us what they are even before the racing-and-chasing begins. We have, for example, Alderman Gripe, 'seemingly precise, but a covetous, lecherous old usurer of the City'. The Alderman is precisely pointed; he need hardly speak. Sir Simon Addleplot is 'a coxcomb, always in pursuit of women of great fortunes'—he, too, springs from the text. Mrs. Joyner is plausibly a matchmaker, though she might also have a carpenter in the family. Mr. Dapperwit is 'a brisk conceited half-witted fellow of the town'. And so on. It is the familiar Restoration round: everyone intriguing or lusting or loving, or at complex hide-and-seek under the trees in the blink of the moon that looks on St. James's Park and William Wycherley's London. This is his 'Love in a Wood; or, St. James's Park' (Third), his first comedy and one that we never find in the modern theatre.

That is not surprising. Its ceaseless in-and-out, to-and-fro, would tax actors and producer. On the air it rises happily.



'The Barber of Seville': televised from Glyndebourne on July 29; left, Juan Oncina as the Count d'Almaviva; in window, Gianna D'Angelo as Rosina and Ian Wallace as Bartolo; right, Sesto Bruscantini as Figaro

Raymond Raikes has infinite skill in clipping these luxurious things into shape: it is, let us say, the best kind of radio topiary. The play is one of the earlier peacocks in the garden of Restoration comedy, though here I strain the analogy, or what Dapperwit would call the 'similitude'. For 'Love in a Wood' is not static: it swoops and curvets, leads us a dance across London from the Park to Pepper Alley. I gave up trying to remember whether A must pair with B, or whether C was pursuing Z, but it was pleasant to listen to the 'merry war' and to feel here an odd sense of immediacy heightened by the local and topical references. Moreover, Alec Clunes was in the cast, and if any actor can restore the Restoration, he can. He brought to the man-about-town his likeable, carefully careless grace, the laugh in the voice, the unforced rhythm of speech. He can always illuminate a phrase. This is more than a spark; it is a glow. I shall think of his Ranger as he uttered the sentence, 'The Park had been a dismal desert to me, notwithstanding all the good company in it, if I had wanted yours'.

Charles Hart played Ranger in 1671 when the cast also included Mrs. Knipp, Pepys' 'merry jade'. She had not much of a chance as the huntress-widow, Lady Flippant, whose note is, simply, 'No woman breathing could use more industry to get her a husband than I have'. Marjorie Westbury (with song) could animate the part. Alderman Gripe came to greedy life thanks to Francis de Wolff who, wisely, did not try to strike twelve all the time; he found the right quality of comic despair in 'O that my child should ever have to marry a wit!' Godfrey Kenton as the resolutely disguised coxcomb Addleplot (far indeed from his Alba in 'Don Carlos'), Anthony Jacobs in the high chatter of Dapperwit, and the husky, gravelly voice of Gladys Young as the match-maker ('My good name . . . was as white as a tulip'), stay with me from the family jars and mixed amours of a comedy, an agreeable rattle, far livelier than I had feared. On the stage it might be stiffened by too many anxieties about style, an overplus of mannered decoration. On the air the voices cared for the run, the rhythm, of Wycherley's speech, and that was all that mattered. A sparkle of music (by John Hotchkis) helped a lot.

Fancy was freer still in 'Grande Gingold' (Home), another instalment of the 'macabre proceedings'. Here the presiding witch informed us that to make your own bedroom suite you just sprinkled the floor with granulated sugar. There was some intricate chat about getting whale-meat from a fishmonger whom you must salute with 'Hail, fellow! well met!' ('Whale-meat', you see—or don't you see? Italics, I dare say, would bring out the full beauty.) Miss Gingold seemed to be in brisker form than in her previous programme, though possibly I was listening in a holiday humour. Certainly Drusilla Doom could be in redoubtable spirits. 'There's a little man with a hammer banging away inside my head', observed her husband. A charged pause. 'Anyone . . . we know?' inquired Mrs. Doom in tones sepulchraly polite, a carved epitaph. The programme included, for good measure, a song in which Bob Harvey informed us that Gibraltar may tumble, the Rockies may crumble, they're only made of clay. But—and here lies the point—our love is here to stay.

We gather that the Huggetts are here to stay. We met them in 'Lost Property' (Light) when they had a nice quiet walk, and Mrs. Huggett found a purse, and a false claimant flickered in and out, and there was talk of murder, and all was well that ended well. Kathleen Harrison and Jack Warner, dear people, know Ethel and Joe inside out; and I am afraid we are getting to know them all too well ourselves.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Aspects of the Law

USUALLY IT TAKES good wine and good food liberally administered to enable us to enjoy, sometimes even to tolerate, the after-dinner eloquence that prevails at banquets. Small wonder, then, that in the bosom of the hearth-bound critic, listening at home after his frugal supper, the bursts of applause and rumbles of appreciative laughter often fail to rouse an echo. Unwarmed by the preceding fare and with all his wits about him he cannot but note that the sentiments are trite, the oratory inflated, and the humour flat. But there are banquets and banquets, and it seemed to me that a 'Commonwealth and Empire Law Conference Banquet', despite its forbidding title, might offer some good listening. Lawyers, many of them, are trained not only to public speaking but to saying clearly and forcibly what they have to say, and the same is true of Prime Ministers and Archbishops of Canterbury. Moreover, the speeches were to be focused on a single theme, the Law, and this should act as a prophylactic against diffuseness.

The speeches opened with Sir Hartley Shawcross' proposal of the toast 'Freedom under Law', to which the Prime Minister replied, and closed with the replies of the Master of the Rolls, Sir Raymond Evershed, and Chief Justice J. W. Pickup of Canada to the Archbishop of Canterbury's toast 'Law and Lawyers'. I can offer no better tribute to this broadcast banquet than to declare that I found the feast of reason an ample compensation for my exclusion from the physical feast which preceded it. Another excellent legal broadcast was number twenty-one of the series 'Law in Action' called 'Clean Hands and the Rabbit Catcher', in which a barrister gave a fascinating disquisition on the legal system of Equity.

In 'A World Shot Dead', David Woodward, the author of the script, presented in vivid and minute detail the story of the murder of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife at Sarajevo on June 28, 1914, of the plot that led up to it, and its results. The full story of the plot has only recently come to light, and to supplement it Mr. Woodward went last month to Belgrade and Sarajevo and not only visited the scene of the murder but met, as he writes in *Radio Times*, 'the survivors of the conspiracy, former members of the Black Hand, and relatives of those who were executed for their part in the conspiracy or those who died in Austrian prisons'. From his researches Mr. Woodward built up a grimly impressive picture, but when the programme went on to detail the repercussions of the crime and their development into the first world war my interest began to flag. Surely, I kept thinking, we have listened to all this before, and soon I had recalled the first of two broadcasts given last August called 'Prelude to War' which described in similar dramatic form the diplomatic prelude to the 1914-18 war. I don't for a moment mean to imply that Mr. Woodward cribbed from this, but simply that, the facts being a matter of recorded history, his presentation inevitably covered the same ground, and the effect of this was to give the impression that his programme ceased at this point to be a vivid reflection of life and became mere dramatised history. I found too—to repeat yet again my irrepressible grumble—that the crudely melodramatised voices of lofty ministers, snarling generals, and the rest greatly detracted from realism. None the less, the essential part of Mr. Woodward's programme—the grim scenes at Sarajevo and his descriptions of the town and its mixed population—was extremely well done, and how good, too, was Mr. J. L. Hodson's opening survey.

In 'A Conversation', unscripted, heard last

Friday on the Third Programme, Ilse Barea, an Austrian who married a Spaniard; Count Benckendorff, a Russian already well known as a broadcaster; and Edward Atiyah, a Lebanese Christian Arab, all of whom have paid us the compliment of making their homes in England, discussed our weather, public schools, class system, and sundry other of our peculiarities, while three anonymous Englishmen provided a ground bass. Our three guests were all boiling over with lively and intelligent ideas, often simultaneously, and it was this that sometimes made it difficult to hear them. But what we heard gave us much food for heart-searching and for laughter—laughter very often against ourselves.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Schiller alla Francese

THE RECENT BROADCAST of Schiller's 'Don Carlos', whether so intended or not, was an invaluable introduction to the performance of Verdi's opera last Saturday. Listeners to the drama will have had the story put into proper perspective, and so will have been able to correct the distortions to which Verdi's librettists subjected it. Schiller's purpose was to publish, in the guise of a historical drama, a manifesto of romantic liberalism. The apocryphal love-affair of Don Carlos, who was in fact an epileptic hideously deformed, and Elizabeth de Valois, his father's wife, was thrown in on the same principle that dictates the presence of a blonde in the bomb-bay of the aircraft flying to the filmed battle. Unfortunately the Parisian adapters of the drama had the Hollywood notion that the Queen was the most important character and put her unconvincing love-affair well in the foreground.

Yet enough of the serious theme of Schiller's drama was preserved to give Verdi the opportunity of composing, in the intervals of the immense set-pieces obligatory at the *Opéra* in the eighteen-sixties, a series of scenes which are unsurpassed in their humanity of insight and their dramatic tension. When Rodrigo distracts the attention of the jealous Eboli while the Queen reads Carlos' letter, in the audience given by the King to the Marquis, above all in the whole of the third act, opening with Philip's gloomy meditation, including the magnificent interview with the Grand Inquisitor (which is, perhaps, the finest presentation of a clash of formidable personalities in all Verdi's operas, the clash not being violent, but restrained), and culminating, after the Othello-like betrayal and denunciation of the Queen, in Posa's noble death-scene and the revolt—in all these scenes we are in the presence not of conventional operatic puppets but the living creations of a musical imagination at white heat. In these scenes, which redeem a hundred times the creaking machinery of the 'grand opera' (under whose burden Verdi himself groaned), the characters of Schiller's tragedy are translated into terms of music with the same sure touch that was to serve the characters of 'Othello' and 'Falstaff'.

I have ventured to expatiate at some length upon this theme, because 'Don Carlos' is generally considered, on account of its patent inequalities, to be one of Verdi's failures, and because the performance broadcast last Saturday was, taken all round, one of the finest in the whole series of Verdi given over the past few years in the Third Programme. This 'ageing Jeremiah', whose recent backward glances at past experience have been made only in the interest of maintaining some sort of standard in the performance of Verdi, is delighted to salute the singing of Oralia Dominguez in the part of Eboli as one of the most splendid performances, both vocal and dramatic, he has ever heard. The

warm, rich quality of the voice was matched by the fire and intelligence of the dramatic presentation. The 'Song of the Veil', which would be a favourite concert-aria were it not so difficult to sing, was as wonderfully done with all its sensuality as the familiar 'O don fatale'. Only on notes above high G was there a feeling of strain, which is not surprising in a voice which seems to be a true contralto.

Antonietta Stella, on the other hand, has not the slightest difficulty in attacking a high A flat unprepared. Her voice is most beautiful in the upper register, though she can also produce good tone below the treble staff. She was singing, as Elisabetta, far better than she did in the strange surroundings of Covent Garden three weeks ago. Her final aria, a most formidable hurdle with its wide intervals, tested her

severely and produced some of those gushes of tone at the end of a phrase, upon which I remarked in her Aida. Miss Stella commands the requisite note of pathos, and in this performance showed that she can give her phrases the dramatic energy required for Verdi. Of the men, Mirto Picchi sang with such distinction as Carlos, that one wonders why he has not appeared at Covent Garden, and Enzo Mascherini, though he had not the light touch for the chatter about Paris fashions, sang Rodrigo's noble music splendidly. Cesare Siepi's voice is rather dry in quality, but he uses it well and phrased Philip's monologue with great sensitiveness. As the Inquisitor Marco Stefanoni did not sound aged enough, but here is a probably insoluble problem for the invisible singer, who must give the impression of a potent personality in a

senile body. With the excellent performance, and recording, of the Turin orchestra under Mario Rossi, who did justice to the splendour of the score, this was a rich experience which might have been reserved for an occasion when more listeners would have been ready to attend to it.

Earlier in the week we had a no less enjoyable relay of 'Die Zauberflöte' from Salzburg with Elisabeth Grümmer singing Pamina very beautifully, and Erich Kunz as the lively Papageno making the audience laugh loud. Erika Köth sounded as good a Queen of the Night as we have heard for a long time, and both Tamino and Sarastro were in experienced and able hands. Georg Solti conducted the performance with an admirable sense of balance, including a feeling for the right tempi.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Tovey the Composer

By HAROLD TRUSCOTT

Sir Donald Tovey's Piano Concerto will be broadcast at 6.30 p.m. on Tuesday, August 9 (Third)

A VARIETY of gifts is a mixed blessing. Music is full of musicians who are known to fame by what is, to them, the wrong, the accidental thing. One cannot imagine Beethoven writing analytical essays but one can imagine Tovey composing. And, indeed, in so far as he had no second interest to divide his attention, Beethoven's was the easier task. Tovey's motive-spring was composition. This governed his whole attitude to music, and if we can so far forget the scholar and expounder as to see him without distraction in the unfamiliar role of composer, we shall find the effort richly rewarding.

As a composer Tovey has often been criticised, by those who take him seriously in this field, for sticking to the classical language; for, as one writer has put it, writing in the nineteenth-thirties as though the developments of the previous thirty-odd years had not happened. His reply to one such is worth quoting: 'Good manners forbid my saying what I think of such an opinion'. But, in using classical speech, he was taking up a thread which had been broken. Born in 1875, he came at a time when the appearance of some English musical creative ability was long overdue. It is quite a habit to speak of English composition as having been crushed by the weight of German genius. There is simply no evidence of this. The long line of Georgian and Victorian nonentities which constitutes almost our sole contribution to musical composition in the nineteenth century shows no sign of the impact of any genius, German or otherwise. If these writers were influenced by their German contemporaries, they were remarkably inept pupils. The first signs of freedom came with Parry (b. 1848), Tovey's principal teacher, Stanford (b. 1852), Elgar (b. 1857), and Algernon Ashton (b. 1859). The last had a powerful and original style, not unlike the sweep of Tovey's music, and did much to bring a fresh adult impetus into English composition.

It is, of course, a complete mistake to suppose, whatever the validity or otherwise of atonal, twelve-tonal, and other systems, that the classical language is exhausted. To do so is to forget that it is a language, and treat it as a vein of mineral ore. Intangibles do not work like this. Tovey, at any rate, rightly felt that there were things an English mind had to say in that language, and he set to work to say them. Now, most music of the nineteenth century, for the majority of commentators, even today, flows to or from Brahms or Wagner. This is a misconception,

containing too much of the 'heads I win, tails you lose' attitude. For instance, Brahms wrote in a Joachimian style, taken over, lock, stock, and barrel: but Joachim's music is referred to, if at all, as Brahmsian. It is, largely, an accident that we know Brahms but not Joachim. To be fair, we should listen to Brahms as we listen, if we can, to Tovey. And no one would accuse Brahms of lack of originality. We should not confuse the dress with the wearer. Tovey's music looks Brahmsian, and it is difficult to realise that a man so steeped in the classics, and especially Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, could have a detached and individual mind as a composer. To realise this one must hear the music, a test seldom possible.

It so happens that in a review of a concert given by Tovey in 1900, in which his Piano Quintet, Op. 6, was played for the first time, a writer in the *Westminster Gazette* accused Tovey of burying his best themes in such a mass of counterpoint that they could not be followed. As a first impression, this is perhaps fair; on further acquaintance, the texture clears. But the point is that there is a definite influence in this Quintet and it is that of a composer whom Tovey treated with scant justice in his analytical writings—Max Reger, of whom this same criticism has often been made, with just as little validity. And, as far as any influence persists in Tovey's music, it is that of Reger.

This connects with another point. In 1936, Tovey wrote an article on Hindemith for *THE LISTENER*, in which he spoke of the German's 'lean, athletic style'. In spite of the more obvious surface romanticism of Tovey's music, this phrase could very well be applied to his own work, and it is an athleticism which nowhere suggests Brahms, or, indeed, anyone outside himself except Reger, from whose work Hindemith also learned much of his own style.

But all this is a matter of style and language. To justify either or both there must be an authentic voice, and this is plainly discernible in Tovey's work, in varying degree, from first to last, though it will not always be found at the first encounter.

Tovey's authentic voice can be heard, faintly but unmistakably, as early as November 1893, when he began a Sonata in E flat for violin and piano. This was completed in March 1894, shortly before he went to Balliol, and six years before he really began his musical career. He was then eighteen, and the deficiencies of the work are those of inexperienced youth. They are remarkably few and do not include the usual

youthful fault of running on. The inexperience he quickly remedied, but the voice and much of the style are there already. This Sonata Tovey never published, and perhaps he was right, although he left no other for the same combination. But one would like to know the piano works of 1900, also unpublished.

From 1900 to 1914 was his most fruitful period, with a rich harvest of chamber works, notably the great Piano Quartet, the 'Gluck' Variations for flute and string quartet, the Trio for cor anglais, violin, and piano, and the D major String Quartet. These works are among the great landmarks of English music, and one day may be recognised as such and played.

In 1903 came the Piano Concerto. Not only is this the finest Piano Concerto by an Englishman, but it is well able to stand with the majority of great Continental concertos. It is spacious, does not scruple to use the grand manner, and yet achieves a highly personal and intimate speech. His piano writing, although ostensibly rich and full-blooded, attains a peculiarly reserved sound, and his use of an arpeggio texture, notably in the first movement, has his own stamp throughout and is used for an expression as English as Brahms is German. It trips one up with its unexpected chordal additions to the texture, as Ashton is apt to do.

The slow movement is the crown of the work, achieving a personal feeling, in no sense national, as deeply English as the slow movement of Elgar's String Quartet. English music has few more profoundly beautiful moments than the return of the main melody on the bassoon with the piano quietly high and low on either side. The finale is a march which, strutting in Brahmsian thirds and sixths and using the heights and depths of the keyboard, is as athletic as Hindemith and as comic as Gillray's cartoon of 'Peter Porcupine's Enlistment'.

Also within this period are the Symphony, a rich and unique experience, and the bulk of Tovey's one opera, 'The Bride of Dionysus', which suffered from one of his rare faults, an inability to leave completed work alone. He was still tinkering with it years after it had been performed and published.

After 1914 his output suffered in quantity, owing to his absorption in his teaching at Edinburgh, but out of this latter period, among other things, came two masterpieces, 'A Lyke-wake Dirge', a miracle of a *cappella* writing and shading, and the great Cello Concerto. This last is a fittingly deep and energetic end to the unique output of a great English composer.

The Daily Telegraph

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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

RASPBERRY SWEETS

A GOOD AND SIMPLE SWEET, which is a kind of fool, can be made with raspberries if they are rather ripe and a little on the mushy side. Sieve them, or pass them through the vegetable mill. Take half their weight in sugar: icing sugar dissolves quickly, but caster sugar will do. Mix the sugar with the raspberries, and allow to stand for about ten minutes, then beat up approximately a third of a pint of cream, and fold it into the raspberry mixture very lightly. Pile up in a glass dish, or in individual glasses, and serve with fingers of toasted sponge cake.

You can do a number of things with a raspberry *purée*. For instance, slice some bananas into small glasses and cover them with sweetened orange juice (if you have any orange liqueur a spoonful or so of that will turn it into a party dish), then, just before you serve, pour over the bananas and orange a thick *purée* of ice-cold, sweetened raspberries. Sprinkle with chopped, roasted almonds, hazel nuts, or plain chopped walnuts.

Still using sieved raspberries, here is another sophisticated sweet. Make a cold rice sweet, rather more 'runny' than stiff, cooking your rice in vanilla-flavoured milk. Fold into it the stiffly beaten whites of two or three eggs, and some skinned and pipped white grapes. If you have any liqueur you can put it in, but it will be very good without it. Pile up this mixture of rice, white of egg, and white grapes in a shallow dish, and cover with raspberry *purée*. If you want to make it even more delicious decorate it with whipped cream.

There is a sweet you can make using whole

raspberries as well as a raspberry *purée*. I shall not give quantities, as you well know what you need to fill your own particular dish. Assuming you have a good deep dish, perhaps of the *soufflé* variety, cover the bottom with a thick layer of fresh, firm raspberries, then cover them in turn with a thick layer of sweetened raspberry *purée*. On the top of the *purée* arrange another layer of raspberries, pressing them into the *purée* slightly. Dust with sugar. On the top of this pile whipped cream or pipe it out in stars. Lastly, sprinkle crushed ratafia or macaroons all over and serve it ice cold.

For another simple, surprisingly delicious dish not as expensive as it sounds, take some ripe sweet raspberries, lay them in a big, shallow dish, and cover with caster sugar. Leave for twenty-four hours, turning them from time to time. At the end of the twenty-four hours, when they have made plenty of juice, pour over a good glassful of red wine and serve in individual glasses.

IRIS SYRETT

COLD HERRINGS

An appetising way of serving herrings in the summer is to place herring fillets on a pie dish and pour over a mixture of tinned or fresh orange juice and some lemon juice—about two tablespoons of the orange and lemon juice is enough. Cover with greaseproof paper and a lid, if possible, and bake in a slow oven—gas mark 3—for about half an hour. Let the herrings cool in the dish.

To serve, lift out the fish and lay it on a clean dish, cover with a little unsweetened lemon jelly

and garnish with acidulated cream (that is, fresh cream with a squeeze of lemon juice) and watercress and half slices of orange and lemon. The strong fishy taste is gone, it is much more delicate. With this you can serve a creamy potato salad, and some beetroot, dressed with orange and lemon juice and a grating of orange rind, instead of the usual vinegar.

PATTY FISHER

Let's Do Some Acting, by Anthony Parker (Bodley Head, 5s.) is 'a book about play production for boys and girls', and parents with theatre-minded children might find it useful when the inevitable question 'What can we do?' crops up during the school holidays. 'Getting up a play is great fun. But it is much more fun if it is done well', says the author: he offers advice on every side of the subject, from the choice of a play to a way of making 'a wonderful thunderclap, followed by its echoes'. There are sections on scenery, lighting, and make-up; and helpful illustrations by Diana Tull.

Notes on Contributors

E. H. CARR, C.B.E. (page 167): author of *A History of Soviet Russia*, *German-Soviet Relations Between the Two World Wars—1919-1939*, etc.

J. M. CAMERON (page 175): Lecturer in Philosophy, Leeds University

C. H. TALBOT (page 177): Research Scholar at the Wellcome Medical Historical Museum; editor of various writings of Ailred of Rievaulx

Crossword No. 1,318.

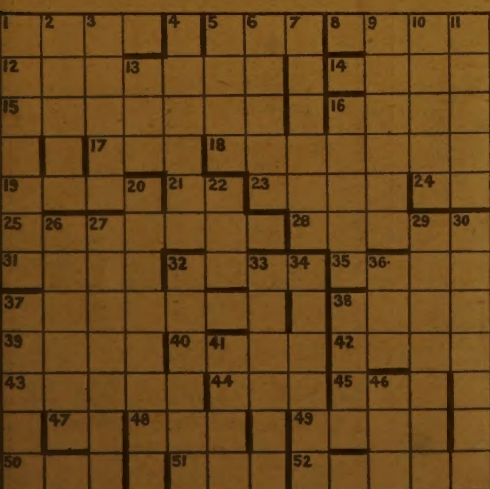
Mixed Bag.

By Pipep

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, August 11. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1., marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

The ten clues listed first are normal. The rest are quotations, from verse or prose, and, in each of these, the clue consists either of one word or of two or more consecutive words: e.g., 'The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep (6)'; the light could be SAXONS.



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

STRAIGHT CLUES—ACROSS

18. One who bears witness to affectation in the German (7)
25. One who contends with affectation in an excited pro. (7)
40. Spenser's rebuff (4). 48. It's over for the poet (3).

DOWN

3. He comes down to meet Ann in the Egyptian privet (5)
7. Mound-birds begin by making a rough pile (6)
20. Get up, Sir; there's an idiot around giving an M.P.s name (8)
29. Make profits from good French customs (7)
34. Turns back the twisted dahlia roots (6)
37. The Grand Trunk and its branches (5)

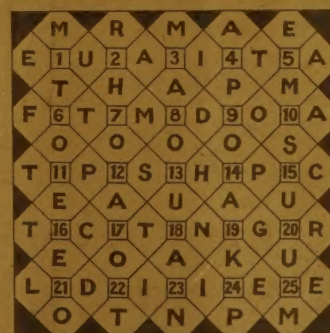
QUOTATIONS—ACROSS

1. I never nursed a dear gazelle; (4)
5. I got me boughs off many a tree. (3)
8. The Spanish fleet thou canst not see. (4)
12. In all the endless road you tread. (7)
14. A living river by the door. (4)
15. Can stretch a cord, however fine. (7)
16. Come, thou Father of the poor; (4)
17. 'Try not the Pass!' the old man said. (3)
19. And in that town a dog was found. (4)
21. To measure life learn thou betimes. (2)
23. And range with humble livers in content; (4)
24. And know for whom a tear you shed. (2)
28. Hitch your wagon to a star; (5)
31. Damned and luxurious mountain goat. (4)
32. Terror haunts the guilty mind. (4)
35. Right early in the year. (4)
37. Calmness is great advantage; (7)
38. Live like that stoic bird. (4)
39. Now let us sing—Long live the King. (4)
42. What though I'm in a sorry case, (4)
43. The time is out of joint. (5)
44. What's the water in French, sir? (3)
45. Thou teachest like a fool. (3)
47. My small pipe best fits my little note. (2)
49. A well-graced actor leaves the stage. (4)
50. A poem lovely as a tree. (3)
51. Mice and rats and such small deer. (3)
52. A rosy Man, right plump to see. (5)

DOWN

1. When the clover and corn lay sleeping; (7)
2. His seal was on thy brow. (5)
4. What adders came to shed their coats? (6)
5. A precious stone set in the silver sea; (4)
6. Much more to my taste than a tree. (5)
9. Fixed like a plant to his peculiar spot. (6)
10. And all the sport is stale, lad. (5)
11. At the place where 'e is gone. (5)
13. You've earned your little bit o' corn. (3)
16. Hoo-ray, and up she rises. (5)
22. Since first he called her his; (3)
26. Among the Aegean isles. (6)
27. My name is Ozymandias, king of kings. (7)
30. What is this life if, full of care, (7)
38. We have no time to stand and stare? (4)
32. Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid; (6)
33. When people call this beast to mind. (3-3)
36. If our virtues did not go forth of us; (3)
41. Why should I play the Roman fool? (4)
46. The Bust outlasts the throne—the Coin, Tiberius. (3)

Solution of No. 1,316



NOTES

9. Poed(le). 10. Rev. Amos Barton (G. Eliot's *Scenes of Clerical Life*). 16. (et)cete(ra). 25. Emeu(te).

Prizewinners: 1st prize: E. C. Hunt (Great Yarmouth); 2nd prize: D. E. B. Watson (Worcester); 3rd prize: Group Captain S. Marshall (Edinburgh, 5).

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